



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

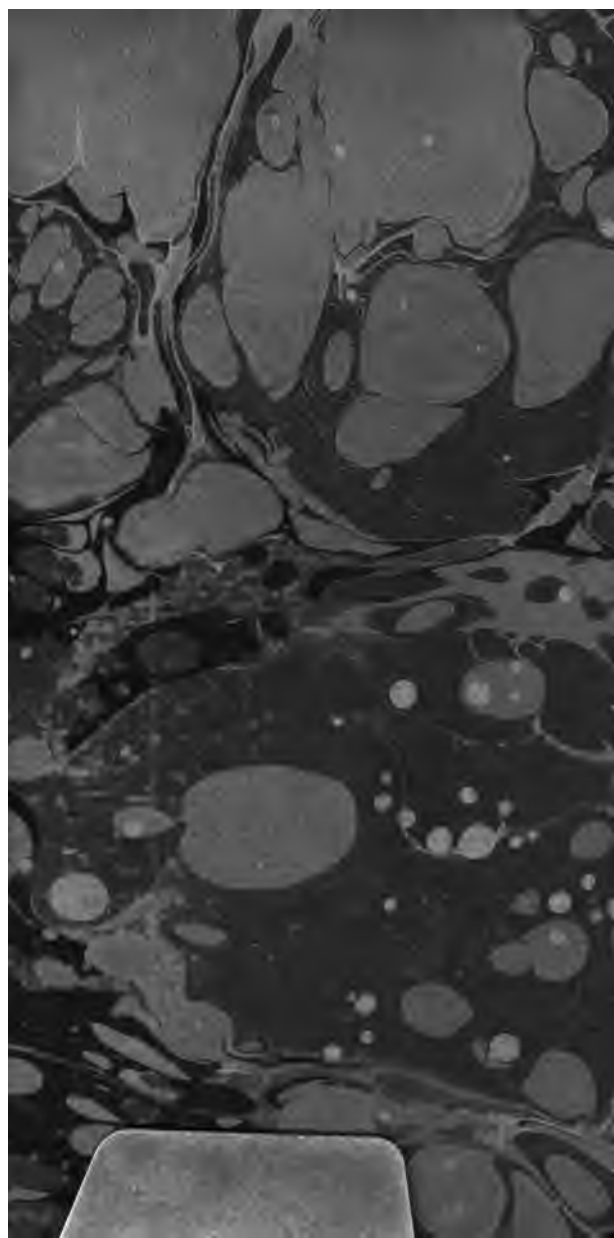
We also ask that you:

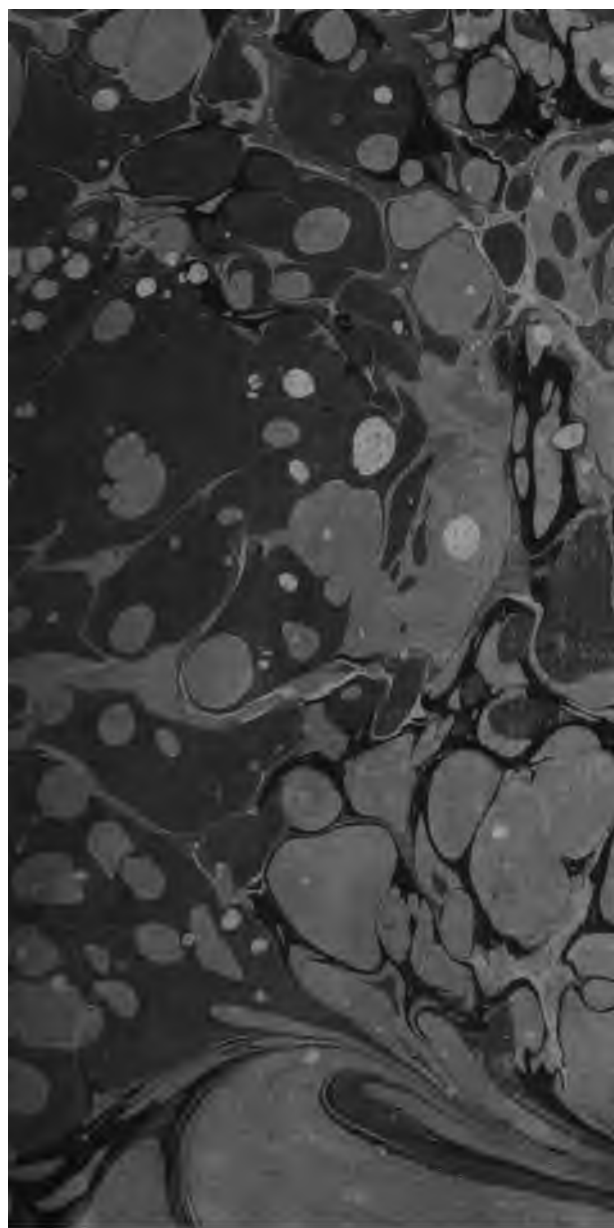
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







30

1/2

71



Coriat Junr. was Mr. Samuel
Pateron, bookseller & book-
concer, in London. He was the so.
of a respectable woollen draper
in St. Paul's Covent Garden, and was
born March 17. 1720. - At 20 y.
of age he opened a shop in the Str.
& engaged in the importation and
sale of foreign books. - For the sale
of books by auction he opened room
at 23 Fore House. This business affor-
d him opportunities of exhibiting
wonderful knowledge of books.
Indeed, previous to this period, his
ography was little known in Eng,
though prosecuted with considera-
vigour in Germany. Pateron was
destined to revive it, and to open
a new field for the exercise of bib-
liographical talent. - Before his time
we had not a Catalogue of a library
deserving the name; he executed in
some of w.^{ch} have never been excelled.
His knowledge of books was extensive.
He left Engl.^d in 1766 for the purpose
of books, brought an admirable col-
of w.^{ch} he prepared a Catalogue under
title of *Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta*
& in 1766 he sold the whole by auction
at a great loss to himself. - The
"Containing Journey" was the first
- 1766. - The 1st. ed. Nov. 29.

A N
ENTERTAINING JOURNEY
T O T H E
Netherlands ;

CONTAINING
A curious and diverting Account of
the Manners and Customs of

ANTWERP,	BRUGES,
ALOST,	GHENT,
BREDA,	LOUVAIN,
BRUSSELS,	UTRECHT,
O S T E N D, &c.	

With the Forms of Travelling from Place to
Place, and the AUTHOR'S

A D V E N T U R E S :

The Whole written in the Manner and Style

OF THE LATE

Mr. *LAURENCE STERNE*,

By *CORIAT JUNIOR*.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. SMITH,

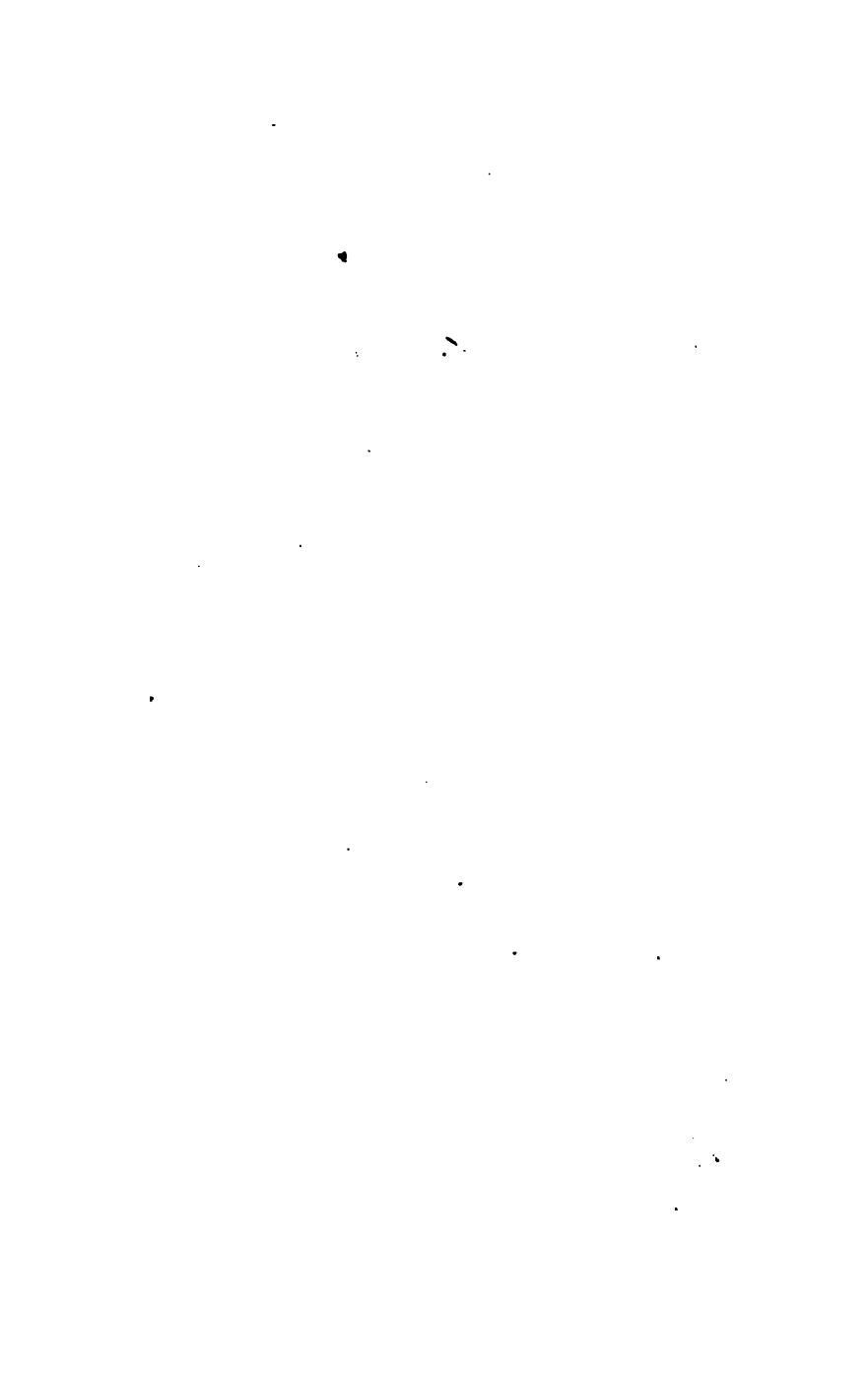
M DCC LXXXII.

203. g. 409.

30

1/2

1







at first was Mr. Samuel
Johnson, bookseller & book-ane
in London. He was the son
of a respectable woollen draper
in Covent Garden, and was
born March 17, 1720. At 20 years
of age he opened a shop in the Strand
engaged in the importation and
sale of foreign books. For the sale
of books by auction he opened room
for a House. This business afforded
him opportunities of exhibiting a
wonderful knowledge of books.
and, curious to this period, Bibliography
was little known in Eng-
land, & connected with considerable
fame in Germany. Paterson was
desired to receive it, and to open
a new field for the exercise of bibli-
ographical talent. Before his time
had not a Catalogue of a Library
deserved the name; he was the
first who has never been
the

ESTABLISHED 1847

Notary Public

Notary Public

Notary Public

Notary Public

Notary Public

Notary Public

Now



P R E F A C E.

AN ingenious countryman of ours, a few years ago, made no difficulty of filling two handsome volumes in octavo with, *A Journey from PORTSMOUTH to KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES*—performed in no less than EIGHT DAYS:—and I have never heard but that the work met with full as much encouragement as it deserved; for it went through two impressions, and had, doubtless, a proportionable number of readers; and is at this time in such a degree of estimation, as to be actually a stock-book in most of the circulating libraries in England.

vi PREFACE.

Within these four years, that reverend joker the facetious Mr. STERNE, hath obliged the world with *somewhat of a sort of an itinerary* *—which tho' a little deficient according to the vulgar method, yet I could wish, from my soul ! that the generality of travellers were but half as entertaining.—

And lately we have been further obliged with the travels of Dr. S— and of surgeon S— ;— neither of which works have I any intention of criticising, for two reasons—the first flowing from gratitude, as I confess they gave

* See TRISTRAM SHANDY, V. 3. 6.

P R E F A C E. vii

the pleasure in the reading; the second from modesty, as I do not apprehend any thing I have to offer, can merit such favourable reception with the public.

But what's all this to the purpose? says some impatient critic—

—I will tell you how far it is to my purpose—it is to shew the reader that travelling is the mode, and that it is no less the mode to print travels—that short travels may be printed as well as long voyages; and whether at home, or abroad, it matters not—

viii PREFACE.

Now as I don't remember any apology was made by the *Portsmouth*-traveller, for stuffing two large volumes in octavo, sometimes with trite remarks, but most commonly with no remarks at all, during eight days, upon three of the neighbouring counties of England; neither shall I offer any, for obtruding a couple of decent duodecimos, with such as I have been able to make during two months, in five of the finest provinces of the *Netherlands*.

E—H—
July, 1767.

CON-

T H E
C O N T E N T S
O F
T H E F I R S T P A R T.

	Page
C H A P. I.	
<i>Journey from London to Dover</i>	1
C H A P. II.	
<i>Wherein the Author indulges his Fancy upon a Subject, which some of his Readers may possibly take home to themselves</i>	10
C H A P. III.	
<i>Voyage from Dover to Ostende</i>	17
C H A P. IV.	
<i>In which the Traveller begs Leave to proceed in his own Way</i>	23
C H A P. V.	
<i>Those that go to ROME, &c. see Ray's Proverbs</i>	31
C H A P.	

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VI.

A Conference between the Traveller and himself, upon the Subject of Authorship

— — — 42

CHAP. VII.

A short Interruption — — 50

CHAP. VIII.

An early Ramble round Ostende, with a few fasting Reflections at the Door and in the Nave of the great Church 52

CHAP. IX.

Which sets off with a few Reflections upon polite Oeconomy — — 61

CHAP. X.

The Traveller falls a digging among the Rubbish of Ghistel, but is prevented from making any great Progress 68

CHAP. XI.

A few affecting Twitches, which, it is to be hoped, arise naturally out of the Subject — — 88

CHAP. XII.

Of the Passage by Water from Ostende to Bruges — — 95

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXXVII.

<i>Of assumed Characters and Sham Titles</i>	— — —	163
--	-------	-----

CHAP. XXXVIII.

<i>The Traveller breakfasts with the Capu- cins of Mechlin</i>	—	171
--	---	-----

CHAP. XXXIX.

<i>A very singular Character</i>		177
----------------------------------	--	-----

CHAP. XL.

<i>Containing some Mortifications which the Traveller underwent, in his Journey to and upon his Arrival at Antwerp— with unexpected Reflections</i>		183
---	--	-----

CHAP. XLI.

<i>An Instance of the wonderful Efficacy of Ceremonies ; with other Matters no less worthy.</i>	— —	189
---	-----	-----

CHAP. XLII.

<i>Which to some mawkish Readers will ap- pear full of Insipidity</i>	—	197
---	---	-----

CHAP. XLIII.

<i>Of that particular Character which is commonly distinguished by the Title of Travelling-Governor</i>		201
---	--	-----

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XLIV.

*A few Remarks upon Antwerp ; with
some of the Author's Reasons for not at-
tempting a finished book of Travels* 24

CHAP. XLV.

*The Traveller visits Rubens's House-
thence follow some Reflections upon A-
rtists, Cabinets, and Connoisseurship* 21

CHAP. XLVI.

Somewhat about Courtesy — 22

CHAP. XLVII.

*Which draws towards the Conclusion of the
Second Part* — — 23

CHAP. XLVIII.

Being the last but one of this Volume 24

CHAP. XLIX,

Directions for Travelling 24

C O R I A

[1]

CORIAT JUNIOR.

VOL. I. PART I.

CHAP. I.

Journey from London to Dover.

MY companion and I set off from the Swan with two Necks in *Lat. Lane*, LONDON, in one of the DOVER stages, on Saturday the 6th of September, 1766 :—but as the road from thence to DOVER is well known to many of my readers, I shall not take up their time unnecessarily in describing it.

VOL. I.

B

Our

2 CORIAT JUNIOR.

Our company in the coach was a little emblem of the great world in this respect—that we meet with many persons in our daily avocations, but very rarely with one who is of consequence enough to be distinguished, or to constitute a character.

It consisted of a *Deal* Pilot, a *Kentish* Hop-planter, a young Midshipman belonging to the Navy, and a Country sporting 'Squire.

Almost every occurrence in life is a lesson of instruction, and it is our own fault, if we do not improve it to advantage:—and tho' barren of information as this company might appear, it was a great pleasure to me to find, by conversing with each in his own way, that the hills and sands which we met upon that road, were not at all tedious; and that the distance from LONDON to DOVER is so far from being a long, that it may

CORLAT JUNIOR. 3

may be accounted a very moderate day's journey.

From the Pilot, I understood the necessity there is for such assistants in our narrow seas and shoaly channels; the qualifications necessary to admission; the strict examination which they undergo, in the court of the Lord Warden of the Cinque-ports, and the number so admitted.

From the Hop-planter, I learned somewhat of the cultivation and growth of hops; the accidents to which they are most liable; their different years produce and benefit to the growers and to the state; insomuch that they have paid upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds excise in one year, and scarce ten thousand pounds in another:—and lastly, that they contribute greatly to the strengthening, as

well as to the meliorating and preserving the beer.

The young Midshipman was a remarkable instance, that gentility and an early polite education, is as distinguishable in the sea as in the land service :—that good sense ought to be the approved companion of bravery, serving to settle it upon principle :—and though he was scarce fifteen, and had passed four years of that time upon the boisterous element, and in the West-Indies, had it not been for his uniform, you might almost have concluded he had never been from court.

He must certainly during that period have heard many improper things, and have occasionally kept much worse company than himself :—but the good which he had acquired seemed only to be present with him ; for it was remarked that during the whole day's jour-

journey not an improper, far less an indecent expression escaped his lips.—He gave besides many strong indications of being some time or other a great man.

The country *Squire waked now and then to make us laugh—or, in his lucid intervals, to convince us he was best company when asleep.

About eight in the evening my companion and I (for we had dropt the rest of the passengers by the way) arrived at the ship tavern at DOVER; where producing a letter of recommendation to Mrs. JONES, the mistress of the house, we met with a very civil reception—though perhaps not more so than if we had not had any such letter:—for, to do her justice, she seems to be a very notable and obliging hostess; and notwithstanding all malevolent reports, which I have heard both from natives

6 OORLAT JUNIOR.

and foreigners, I could not perceive any thing like exaction there; which is much more than I can say of many houses on the other side of the water, particularly in HOLLAND.

Here an officer of the customs followed us and our little baggage; which consisted merely of each a change of raiment, enclosed in one small portmanteau: — upon enquiring into the contents, and being assured it contained nothing else, I offered him the key that he might satisfy himself, which he refused— but demanded half a crown, for having saved us and himself some trouble.

I say demanded half a crown, because it was the precise sum which the fellow mentioned; and which, without reflecting I gave him, though I was sorry for it afterwards.

The

The officers of the revenue are undoubtedly the servants of the public, and the public is no longer served than whilst they are found true to their trust, and acting in conformity with their oath:—that officer who had the face to demand half a crown for not doing his duty, it may be presumed would wink at a fraud for a larger consideration. — But as I intend briefly to point out several errors and abuses in the BRITISH CUSTOMS, in a small treatise shortly to be published under the title of, AN APOLOGY FOR SMUGGLING; I shall not detain the reader any longer upon that head at present.

We adventured forth, dark as it was, to try if we could discover any thing, but to very little purpose:—casting our eyes towards the horrible cliff, whence SHAKESPEARE drew one of his justly-admired pictures; we found the prospect as dark to us, as it had been to sightless

8 CORIAT JUNIOR.

GLOSTER; and were therefore contented to con over the passage, which we had not an opportunity of comparing.

The same obstacle prevented our making any just remarks either upon the castle, or the works—and the reader is in some measure obliged to that accident, as it will be the means of shortning this chapter.

We returned to our inn to supper; where we met with several people divided in their opinions, touching the packet's sailing that night:—some said it would, for the wind was fair; others were positive it would not, for though the wind was fair, yet it blew too fresh to get out of the harbour.

This brought to my mind what I had inly ruminated in our walk upon the works; where I had been fully sensible
of

of what the sailors call a fresh gale—
however I said nothing.

In the midst of our supper I was a little alarmed with the repetition of a disagreeable hollow sound in the chimney.—Pray, madam, said I, to Mrs. JONES, what noise is that? is it the wind?

‘Nothing at all, sir, said she—only our chimney is apt to make a noise.’

It must be a very odd sort of a chimney, thought I, to make such a noise for nothing.

What my companion felt, I know not; and if he had any fears, he was wise enough to keep them to himself.

[10]

CH A P. II.

Wherein the Author indulges his Fancy upon a Subject, which some of his Readers may possibly take home to themselves.

THERE is something extremely awkward in the first setting out upon a journey, to persons unaccustomed to travel:—the sensations they are seized with are many, and mix in a confused variety.

People who are for the most part confined to one spot, have their anxieties either about business, or pleasure in succession—the completion of the one, serves as an incitement to the other; and the event of either being foreseen, the pleasure is doubled by anticipation.

But

CORIAT JUNIOR. 11

But place a LONDONER, who has never passed the verge of WINDSOR or ST. ALBAN'S, into the YORK HY;—and he is immediately seized with the apprehension of a thousand evils which can never happen at once!

The farther he is wheeled beyond his ken, the greater is his trouble; and the counting of the mile stones, which may be very entertaining to some, heightens his embarrassment; and simply proves, that he is so much more and more remote from the only place, where he would chuse to live and die.

Being got fifty miles from the capital, he begins to contemplate, what a terrible thing it must be to die in a strange country!—and is surprized to see the other passengers swallowing the coffee, grounds and all, and calling about 'em for more toast and butter!—He can neither eat nor drink!—

His fellow-travellers commiserating his unhappy case, conclude the gentleman is sick with having rode backwards.—One prescribes a dram of brandy—another, upon a supposition, that coffee and toast were too meagre, advises him to call for a rasher of bacon and a tankard of ale.—He nauseates the thoughts of a rasher and ale!—and contents himself with a glass of spring water and a few hartshorn drops.

They proceed on their journey, and he grows worse and worse!—insomuch that if any one was to ask, what ailed him? he would be very much at a loss for a reply:—nevertheless, his fever increases—and no JAMES's powder can be had! — He would fain lose a little blood! —but then, what man in ENGLAND can open a vein like Mr. LANCET?—who had been so many years surgeon to his, and his father's family before him.

One

One of the company observing the desponding way he is in, kindly makes him an offer of a few carraway comfits and some gingerbread nuts : — at the bare mention whereof, he is seized with such a violent tooth-ach, that finding no GREENOUGH's tincture at hand, it was feared he would go distracted with the pain !

The further apprehensions of the coach breaking down, and thereby fracturing his skull, or half a dozen of his limbs, and being taken up speechless ! — or escaping the wonderful chance, of a hundred to one of being robbed and having his brains blown out ! — are melancholy companions upon a strange road ; where accidents of a like nature have happened about — once in a century.

Persons who are so void of feeling as not to be sensible of such apparent danger,

24 CORIAT JUNIOR.

ger, may, after a jumble of seventy or eighty miles, be able to make a tolerable good dinner :—but those who are strongly possessed of it, cannot so easily sit down and fall to.

To force down a little bit of bread-pudding—for nature requires something!—and a glass of wine and water, are full as much as can be expected from one in such a situation.

He now begins to find there is much wind in his case, and would gladly expel it ; and, at the same time, comfort the bowels with a little DAFY's elixir taken at going to bed—but unfortunately he forgot to bring a bottle with him!

Every fancied want, and every remote danger is present with him ; and the pleasure of the journey, which is the immediate delight of every other
pas-

GORIAT JUNIOR 75

passenger, is the only thing to which he is totally absent.

At night a warm bed and a little sack-whey dispose him to sleep, but not to rest :—There the frightened imagination knows no bounds !—all our waking apprehensions are trivial to those, which crowd upon the disturbed mind in sleep !

There he beholds, in one confused scene, his dearly-beloved wife, weltring in her precious gore, murdered by villains, who took the advantage of his absence !—his inestimable china sugar-dish-and-cover, broke into a thousand pieces !—Stocks tumbling !—and his house in flames !—

In another, his banker's shop shut up !—his children in a work-house !—his principal debtor in the Gazette !—and his favourite dog JUBA, leading a blind man about the streets ! Who

16 CORIAT JUNIOR.

Who can support such complicated woe?

He wakes!—and can hardly persuade himself it is but a dream!

He would give a thousand pounds to be that very instant in LONDON!—that's impossible :—but for a thousand pence he might be wheeled thither in a few hours.—But then the shame of returning, without having performed his journey!

The second day he is become more tolerable to himself and his fellow-travellers ;—at the end of which he finds himself at YORK—and begins to wonder how he got there!

If I mistake not, there are such characters ; and the application is very easy—*Such people should stay at home.*

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Voyage from Dover to Ostende.

IN the absence of captain WELLARD, whose packet was to sail that night for OSTENDE, the command of the vessel devolved upon his mate Mr. GREGG; seemingly a very steady, good sort of a man, as his attention to his charge, and obliging carriage to the passengers, gave sufficient witness;—and I heartily wish a man of so much temper and experience, may come soon to be master of a packet himself.

GREGG from time to time called upon us, and desired us to be ready before one—for though the wind blew strong, yet it was fair—nor have I any doubt, said he, but we shall be able, with God's grace! to get safe out of the harbour.'

About

18 CORIAT JUNIOR.

About twelve o'clock, a fellow, with a candle and lantern entered the parlour, where we were sitting with our landlord and landlady.

'Here's a plaguy deal of wind to-night! said he—mercy on us! how it blows?—I am just come up from the beach, and I think I never saw a greater sea!—why it breaks over the head as white as a sheet!'

A pretty description, thought I, if one was not just going to sea!

'Why surely, continued he, these gentlemen (meaning my companion and me) will never think of going this side?'

I shall do just as the captain pleases, answered I—with all the resolution I had about me.

'Nay,

‘ Nay, you may do as you think fit, my masters, returned the skipper ; but if I was as you, I know, I’d stay till morning, and take day-light with me.’

Finding he could not prevail, he departed.

Before I proceed any farther in my relation, I think it proper to advertise the ingenuous reader, that the whole end of this little work is amusement and instruction ;—and though the preceding part of this chapter may appear deficient in both, I shall presently convince him it is very fruitful in the latter.

You are to understand then, the gentleman who went out just now with his candle and lantern, is a private skipper, and master of a bye-boat ; of which there are several at DOVER :—
and

and that it is the interest of those people to intimidate the intended passengers for the packets, as much as they can : — so that the packets, by such unfair means (a kind of marine jockeyship) leaving part of their company behind, they may afterwards convey them over at their own extravagant rates.

Mrs. JONES next began to remind us of the provisions necessary for our voyage (a thing my partner and I never dreamt of) : — For tho' the passage might be short, it was not impossible, she said, but that it might prove long and tedious ; and nothing, we might be assured, could be had on board save what we took with us.' —

The English of all people are the most provident upon those occasions ; from a natural dread of being starved, which many of them are seized with, the moment they lose sight of their native

CORIAT JUNIOR. 21

tive land:—So that in the packets between DOVER and CALAIS, or OSTENDE, it is no unusual thing to find as many fowls, tongues, pastry and liquors as would victual a ship for a month's voyage.

This weakness in some of my countrymen turns to very good account with the publicans at DOVER, and with the masters of vessels; as the whole are bought and well paid for of the one, and, from the shortness of the passage, generally fall, untouched, as perquisites to the other.

The time was now come for our departure, and on board we went:—where standing upon a little ceremony as to the beds, out of decency to some female passengers, we presently perceived the whole were taken up;—and my companion and I were fain to lay,

22 CORIAT JUNIOR.

lay, the one upon a bulk, the other upon the cabin floor.

Such are the disadvantages which the modest man frequently labours under, to which the impudent is an utter stranger :—The forward and bold constantly avail themselves of the backwardness of the humble and modest ; turn their punctilios into jests, and, in short, reap every advantage at their expence, save one—arising from a certain sensibility, which as they can never feel, so it is impossible to make them comprehend.

A fair wind, in twelve hours, carried us safe into the harbour of OSTENDE.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

In which the Traveller begs Leave to proceed in his own Way.

THE first object we met on shore, struck my companion and me with a favourable impression of Flemish politeness

He was a private soldier; who with his hat under his arm, and a pocket-book and pencil in his hand, accosted us in very good French—‘Gentlemen, said he, did you come in the packet?’—Being answered in the affirmative, he bowed and proceeded—‘What house do you intend to put up at?’—I told him we were going to the English Consul’s—He bowed again, and after a short pause—‘I crave the favour of your names?’—of which being informed

informed, and having minuted the several answers, he retired with the utmost complaisance.

I am sensible the questions were only of course ; but the manner of putting them was very singular and striking to persons just arrived from DOVER — where more attention is paid to business, than form ; and to money, than manners ; and more especially from one of his character.

Our next concern was with the custom-house ; where the officers behaved with great civility ; and though it was Sunday, would not let strangers suffer any inconveniency on that account, but dispatched us immediately, without either sollicitation, or a fee.

This was an earnest of what I thereafter frequently experienced, during my
short

short stay in the **AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS**; for to speak truly, the queen's officers, both civil and military, may be reckoned among the most orderly and best-bred people in the world.

My full intention in the following sheets, is to represent persons and things exactly as I found them;—and surely no reasonable man can be offended thereby.

I am aware that the good order, sobriety and decency which is universal among the **FLEMINGS**, is owing, in a great measure, to the absolute government under which they live; at the same time, I cannot help thinking but that good order may be preserved under every government, and the laws of every civilized nation, whether absolute, or limited, tend to enforce it.

But more of this hereafter.

26. CORIAT JUNIOR

I beg leave then to proceed in my own way—and tho' it is become so much the fashion among my countrymen of late, to deery foreign customs and manners, and to cry up whatever is of *British* growth, whether right, or wrong; I shall nevertheless take the liberty so far to differ from them, as to commend whatever in my judgment appeared commendable; without dread of the forfeiture of my allegiance:—and even to do justice to a monk, where I have found him worthy; and I hope without the imputation of being a papist.

By such candid proceeding, I flatter myself, it is not impossible but I may be able with reason, to remove the illiberal prejudices of some of my readers, and to laugh away the childish notions of others.

The extreme pleasure which succeeded my dismissal at the custom-house,

house, may be easier felt by the grateful and parental heart, than described ; for I found myself at once doubly welcome in the kindness of my friend, whose house was as my own ; and at the sight and in the reciprocal affections of my eldest daughter, after an absence of fifteen months, and whom I saw improved to my wishes.

There is certainly a great deal in setting about any thing with what we call *a good will* ; and the mind being pre-disposed to favour the pursuit, lessens great difficulties, and chaces away the very existence of small ones.

I confess I set out with a disposition of being pleased (a disposition which I would gladly recommend to future travellers ;) and though after a day's journey in a stage-coach, a hard lodging upon the cabin-floor, and a reasonable portion of sea-sickness, the spirits

might be supposed to flag a little ; yet nevertheless I found my heart as light, as if I had slept the preceding night upon a feather-bed.

The mind, for there the bliss, or misery is seated, being once attuned to happiness, the softer passions sport in the dance and revel in the joy. -

In common with several of my brother travellers, I shall frequently descend to low and trite observations upon vulgar manners and customs—leaving matters of great importance, to be remarked by the governors of young noblemen and the under-secretaries of embassies ; who may be presumed to be best acquainted with the intrigues of courts and cabinets, and whose talents, from their respectable situations, must be held unquestionable.

But

CORIAT JUNIOR. 29

But my greatest misfortune is this cursed egotism, which I find myself insensibly running into!—‘ I said, and I did, and I went ’—how shall I get rid of it? — for the soul of me I can’t tell! — it hurts myself — how then must it affect my readers?—Yet you’ll all allow, ’tis very difficult for a man to tell a story about himself, and yet to leave himself out of the question—

Of all the writers since the invention of letters, who have endeavoured to entertain the world with talking about themselves, how few have succeeded? —Among the moderns I can scarcely muster above one*—and he, in spite of time and the change of language, has pleased for almost two centuries, and in all likelihood will continue to please for other two.

* MONTAIGNE.

30 CORIAT JUNIOR.

It seems then he had the art of pleasing—

Some kind genius, teach me that happy art!—for without it, I shall certainly be branded for an egotist!—nay, what is still more to be feared, in the true spirit of modern criticism, I shall be recorded for a fool and a blockhead by the reviewers, who will not leave me the likeness of a hog, or a dog!—I shall be cut up alive, peppered, sliced and grilled upon their devils-gridiron!—many perhaps to laugh at, and no one to pity me!

Well, I'll avoid it as much as possible—and yet the more I endeavour, the worse I find it is.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

*Those that go to ROME, &c. see Ray's
Proverbs.*

HAVING feasted my eyes and ears with the sight and language of my daughter and my friend, and glutted the softer mental powers in the bewitching theory of filial, no less parental affection and social friendship ; after a short seasonable refreshment, I could not help expressing a desire of straitway scouring the ramparts, visiting the great church, the convent of Capucins, the devout sisters of our lady of the conception — and, in fine, every thing which is circumscribed within the narrow limits of the garrison, in as short time as possible.

But here my agreeable hostess interposed——

‘ Indeed, sir, you must not think of going out of this house to-day—I expect a great deal of company this afternoon—some ladies, the commandant, and the principal officers of the town and garrison—they are to drink tea and form parties at cards.’——

Cards of a Sunday! thought I—O monstrous!—but I remember that used to be the heathenish practice in FRANCE, when I was there formerly.

Finding myself no longer in the dear land of liberty, which I had left but the day before, I held it prudent to acquiesce; and therefore desired a barber might be sent for.

‘ The surgeon shall be sent for, sir—
for you are to understand that through-
out

out this country there are no vulgar barbers, but only regular surgeons are permitted to do the barber's office.'

Why what a strange outlandish sort of a country is this that I am got into ! where not one honest, dusty, greasy, lying, tale-bearing, scandal-broaching, newsmonger-cut-beard is to be found!—

But if I mistake not, something very like this was the general practice in ENGLAND, about——no matter how many years ago :—It should seem then that these foreigners, though very apt to change the fashions, depending upon themselves, nevertheless retain many old customs, depending more upon their governors than themselves.

So—enter the barber-surgeon with a pair of ruffles down to his fingers ends.

34 CORIAT JUNIOR.

And pray, sir—pardon the freedom of a stranger, who only asks for information—are all the gentlemen of this country, who profess the razor and strop, regular bred surgeons?

* All regular-bred, examined, and sworn-surgeons.*

And are they really—excuse my ignorance—as dexterous at amputating limbs, as at mowing beards?

* *C'est la meme chose.**

Sir, I'm very much obliged to you.

* The profession of barber-surgeon we may conclude was formerly of the most honourable class, since it reflected such dignity even upon its deputies and assistants. THERRAS DE HERY, who published a method of curing the venereal disease, printed at *Paris* in 1634, styles himself, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DU PREMIER BARBIER-CHIRURGIE DU ROY.

Here

Here an Englishman, who generally has the virtue of liberality in the midst of a thousand follies and extravagancies, is much at a loss at first; for as he has been accustomed to reward merit and service according to the condition of the party, so he cannot at once sink the professor of the noble and useful art of surgery, to the vulgar state of a mere shaver.

But my good genius and hostess, perceiving my embarrassment, again interposed, desiring that I would leave it to her to settle that point, as being best acquainted with the custom of the place.—Yet the thoughts of the man's breeding and education still ran in my head.

‘ You are to understand, sir, said she, that most things here are regulated by the state, or according to ancient usage; and you must not be surprized

at finding a sensible difference in many respects between ENGLAND and FLANDERS.

‘ You will have the pleasure of drinking tea with a very agreeable Irish gentleman, a regular physician, bred at LOUVAIN, and settled here—who has so much practice, that he is upon the tramp almost from morning till night—he collects a great number of fees—’tis true, they are not large—the highest being a *Flemish Schilling*, and the ordinary a *Plaquet*.’—

Pray, madam, how much is a *Schilling*?—‘ About seven-pence sterling.’—And how much a *Plaquet*?—‘ About three-pence halfpenny.’—I thank you, madam—I give the gentleman much joy of his university-education, and of his fees.

The

The company met and formed a very polite circle :—the commandant, a fine old gentleman, and a man of quality—but his manners would have distinguished him, if his sovereign had not.

The garrison at that time was weak, consisting only of one batallion of DE MERGY's regiment; but all the officers, FRENCH and LIÉGOIS, of any distinction, were there :—the lieutenant colonel, the chevalier DU M——, a very amiable man, and his lady, the prettiest Fleming I ever saw :—the chevalier D'H——, Mr. B——, Major, Mr. H——, &c. &c.—men who had seen service and knew the world—graceful in their deportment, elegant in their behaviour, strict in their duty, regular in their conduct, and not devoid of sentiment.

But the military of every nation are justly esteemed the flower of gentry in point

38 CORIAT JUNIOR

point of good breeding; and in that respect, the English officers are certainly upon a par with the most refined of their neighbours.

We are frequently indebted to accident for bringing about things strange, or unexpected; and as it was my particular good fortune to meet with several occurrences which gave me pleasure during my short peregrination, I shall freely communicate them to the reader in their proper places, in hopes they will not prove altogether distasteful;—especially as some may lead to this conclusion——That society is to be found every where; and often when we imagine ourselves at the farthest distance from our friends and acquaintance, of a sudden, one whom we never dreamt of, shall start up at our elbow.

Such

Such was the agreeable surprize which the traveller met with, in finding, in this company of foreigners, an old fellow-collegian, whom I had not seen or heard of during the space of twenty-seven years.

But the character which drew my attention the most of any in this polite assembly was Mr. DE B——, the pensionary* of OSTENDE; a young gentleman of a fine understanding and liberal acquisitions—it was my peculiar satisfaction to be feldom from him during our four days sojourn in the garrison, and in our passage to and short stay at BRUGES:—of him I learnt several particulars relating to the practice of their courts and criminal processes, which I purposely omit, as well to avoid misrepresentation, and as the

* Pensionaries in the cities of the NETHERLANDS are judges, and recorders.

whole are to be found in their civil law books.

I cannot here omit a remark which I made in consequence of my knowledge of that gentleman, and upon further inquiry found to be strictly true; which is—That those who hold places under the government are, for the most part, men of character, education and abilities; nor do I remember to have met with a single instance in FLANDERS, or BRABANT, wherein a scoundrel, or a fool, has been misplaced in any office befitting a gentleman and a man of sense.

‘ Those that go to ROME, says the proverb, must do as they do at ROME,’—and though I had no particular affection to cards on a Sunday, and for my companion, I dare be sworn he had a hearty aversion to them; yet rather than be singular, we scrupled not to
cut

cut in with the rest at whist—an English game which seems to have got firm footing upon the continent.

The evening—the afternoon we should call it (for assemblies in that part of the world break up before the hour of meeting with us) ended with the utmost harmony; and before nine o'clock all the company were retired to their respective homes; but not without a general invitation of dining the next day at the pensioner's country-house at GHISTEL, about seven miles from OSTENDE—a circumstance which much [delighted my *alter ego*, and no less myself—as it favoured us with an opportunity of seeing a part of the country which had otherwise been unknown to us, and of which place the reader will find some account in the next chapter—but three.

C H A P. VI.

A Conference between the Traveller and himself, upon the Subject of Authorship.

THERE is no notion more prevalent, nor indeed any more unjust, than that the goodness, or badness of a book may be determined by the sale.

I could give the reader a hundred instances, almost as fast as I could count a hundred, to convince him this is a very pernicious way of judging :—and if one hundred were not enough, I'd give him two :—and if two were not thought sufficient, he should have five hundred—if less would not content him.

I had not proceeded far in my present undertaking, before I became desirous of seeing one of the last *spick-and-span new things* in my own way :— according.

ingly I made inquiry of my bookseller
—the answer was ‘Out of print, sir.’

This rather served to whet the edge
of my curiosity!—but I must not give
it up so—to another—Pray, Mr. ———
could you procure me ———?

‘I am sorry, answered the courtly
dispenser of the essence of brains, it is
not in my power to oblige you; but
the last copy I had *went off* three
days ago; since when I could have
sold ———!’

The sale must have been very
rapid?

‘O, sir, it flew like wild-fire!—the
last fifty I had, were gone in half an
hour!’

Prodigious!—Sir, I thank you.

Well

44 CORIAT JUNIOR:

Well, friend CORIAT JUNIOR, what say you to this? — Here's some encouragement for us, ha!

But my curiosity must be satisfied! — To a third — Sir, I should esteem it a particular favour if you could — I understand already, that it is difficult — but for the price we sha'nt disagree.

' Difficult, sir! — 'tis impossible! — a thing not to be had for love or money! — but there will be a new edition in about a fortnight.' —

To talk of waiting a fortnight, to one whose expectation was so well-tuned, seemed rather tantalizing — I'm sorry I troubled you, sir — but without your assistance, I'll see it before I sleep.

' And

CORIAT JUNIOR. 45

‘ And pray Mr. CORIAT JUNIOR,
(for I begin to be a little curious) was
you so fortunate as to meet with it ? ’

I was.

‘ What, that night ? ’

That very night.

‘ I’m vastly glad !—and did you read
it ?

Every letter!

‘ Well, that was charming !—doubt-
less it repaid your curiosity !

Suffer me to go on and you shall
hear :

In a further pursuit of this novelty,
the earnest reader will conclude I made
every

46. CORIAT JUNIOR.

every bookseller's shop in my way;
and the impressions which I received
from their several favourable accounts,
I acknowledge, bore hard upon my re-
lution of becoming an author.

‘ It is so pretty, familiar, and easy,
said one, that you may take it up, and
lay it down, just as you like!—’Tis for
the pocket, or the post-chaise — or you
may read it all the while your servant
is dressing your hair! ’ —

A mighty pretty book, indeed, by
your description!—

‘ Ay, fir, so it is—but the grand
misfortune is, that gentlemen don’t
write every day.’—

I wished the fellow at the devil for
that last expression!—which sent me
from his shop o’erwhelmed with me-
lancholy thoughts! — such as — Ay,
this

CORIAT JUNIOR. 47

this must needs be the case when gentlemen write! — Gentlemen are surely born with abilities proportioned to their rank and fortune! — they have that intuitively, for which common clay must sweat and labour! —

I fancy, friend CORIAT JUNIOR, you and I had better drop our design in time — for who the devil will read us? — One that nobody knows, nor was ever heard of before! — a fellow who travels from LONDON to DOVER in a common stage-coach — and it may be an outside passenger, the better to look about him? — It will never do — a man must be a gentleman positively, or he can never write! — especially travels, which of all writing is the genteelst — next to poetry and miscellany.

A gentleman may be so like himself — so easy, so *degagé*, and so void of thought

50 CORIAT JUNIOR.

My curiosity is abundantly satisfied.
—And now I think we may venture—
for after this, who need be afraid to
print?—in an age, when there is such a
harvest of poultry writers, poor readers
and puny judges.

C H A P. VII.

A short Interruption.

EARLY the next morning my com-
panion and I —

‘ Hold, not a step farther indeed,
Mr. Traveller, till you have resolved
me one question!—let us clear up mat-
ters as we go, I beseech you.

‘ Every author has a right to conceal
himself under a feigned name, if he
thinks proper; and I have no intention
of

CORIAT JUNIOR. 51

of depriving you of that privilege :—but let him do it with meaning.

‘ JOSEPH ANDREWS and TOM JONES are both familiar English names—DON QUIXOTE, RODERIC RANDOM, PEREGRINE PICKLE, BETSY THOUGHTLESS, and TRISTRAM SHANDY, are characteristically humourous, and promise something in their very titles :—but what can we make of CORIAT JUNIOR ?—

‘ If you are CORIAT JUNIOR, for heav’n’s sake ! who was CORIAT SENIOR ? or was there ever such a man ? ’

Doubtless there was such a man.

‘ And pray who was he ? and what was he ? and where did he live ? ’ .

D 2 : I have

52 CORIAT JUNIOR.

I have not undertaken at this time to write his life — but I have attempted a short sketch of his character a little farther on.

‘ But how does this make me any wiser, as to your having assumed another man’s name?—What am I to understand from it?’

Why—a whimsical traveller, if you will.

C H A P. VIII.

An early Ramble round Ostende, with a few fasting Reflections at the Door and in the Nave of the great Church.

EARLY the next morning my companion and I stole forth, without disturbing the good family—we took the first avenue leading to the ramparts, and

CORLAT JUNIOR. 53

and in about half an hour made a fair circuit of the walls.

But what is there here for me to admire, beyond the beautiful arrangement of stones? — I can only learn from hence, how cities may be embraced and defended from the assaults of their enemies,

‘ Who are their greatest enemies ? ’

Such as themselves,

‘ What is the true cause of their falling out so frequently among themselves ? ’

That we are often at a loss to know.

‘ Does this place appear to have been ever of consequence enough, before which to sacrifice the lives of an hundred thousand men ? ’

D 3

We

54 CORIAT JUNIOR:

We must not take upon us to judge of that—places are as princes and their ministers esteem them.

‘ But the besiegers, I think you say, carried it at last ? ’

They won it foot by foot—till there was no more space left to be defended ! —this was tough doings—almost a four year’s siege !

‘ What did the victors gain ?

An heap of rubbish !

Here noble and gallant VERE,* that thunderbolt of war, with an inconsiderable number, for several months opposed the persecuting power of SPAIN ! — NIEUPORT and OSTENDE speak the

* See Sir FRANCIS VERE’s commentaries, published by DILLINGHAM, Cambr. 1657. Fol. hero’s

CORIAT JUNIOR. 55

hero's martial skill and dauntless prowess, and his own commentaries record his fame.

I confess I should have loved his memory more, had he set greater value, consistent with the service, upon the lives of those whom he commanded :— but too often, to raise the hero, we must sink the man !

The form of this city is perfectly regular and agreeable, consisting of a number of streets leading from one spacious center, which serves both as a market-place, and a parade for the military ; on one side of which stands the Stadthouse, and on the opposite the guard-house.

It has been formerly considered as a convenient place for trade ; in consequence of which the Emperor CHARLES VI. established an East-India company

here. — But however correspondent with the natural law, free trade may be to as many kingdoms and states as can embrace it ; we may conclude it is not always consonant to the politic :—so that as this new company was like to give umbrage to some of their neighbours (who had already trade enough to ruin them) it was thought best to desist, to shut up the warehouses, and to set the directors adrift, rather than keep up a perpetual object of jealousy.

Come we next to the great church.

But what have we here without ?—
representation of purgatory ?—fantastic
imagery !—a woman too, at this early
hour, the less to be observed, in act of
the most fervent devotion !—mark her
well. —

This can be no sneaking devotee—
her graceful air denotes the contrary—
the

the careless flowing of her veil adds dignity to the figure :—Her hands are not locked together, after the manner in which children are taught to beg a grandfather's blessing — nor are they glewed, according to the monumental taste of every barbarous age. — But the soul-petitioner, intent upon her purpose, cannot express the ardor of the mind, without displaying the gracefulness of the body !

Now sunk in deep contrition, both are abased !——Now exalted in lively hope, like some enraptured saint, with uplifted head, and arms out-stretched, she appears on the wing to accompany her own petition to heaven !

Prayers for the dead, by many are accounted vain—what other kind of prayers may be also of that number, we are at a loss to determine : — but that devotion like her's should be fruit-

38 CÔRIAT JUNIOR.

less, were much to be lamented.—She who in the extreme anguish of her heart, seems to suffer a purgatory upon earth !

It may be that she implores at the footstool of heaven, mercy for the soul of her ever-dear, ever-honoured, late departed husband !—One on whom she doted !—whom living she loved even to a degree of idolatry !—who was to her a tower of defence against SLANDER and MALEVOLENCE, sworn foes to her virtue !—She rejoiced in him as in her strength, and her support !—she honoured him as the father of her children, and the guardian of their innocence ; as the crown of her life, and as the sum of human happiness !

It may be that she loved him too well ; and therefore is this heaviness come upon her !—Perhaps she never looked up but to him :—too proud of her
her

her protector, she never cast an eye, or ever had a wish, and very rarely a thought upon any thing above him.

This visitation has brought her to a surer dependance : — we'll leave her to that **MERCY** which she so earnestly implores !—and enter the church.——

Well, my good friend ! what think you of popish altars ?——these are the first you ever saw.

‘ And far unlike any that I could have conceived.’

Is it not then to be admired that there should be such different paths, and all leading to the same end ?

Those who cannot read, nor write (and happy it is for millions that they can do neither) may here find the story

60 CORIAT JUNIOR.

they fain would learn, fairly depicted—
for pictures speak all languages.

Amidst all this sculpture and painting,
if the devout soul can but steer clear
of the stone and of the canvas—so
much the better. — You smile—which
indeed is as much as can be done in
many cases that we can neither prevent,
nor cure.

But we shall have leisure enough to
contemplate these novelties during the
course of our journey :—A truce then
with this serious stuff!—or if the reader
is bound to take it in the lump, let it
only be introduced by a little and a
little at a time.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

*Which sets off with a few Reflections upon
polite Oeconomy.*

I Have frequently heard some foreigners blamed, nay ridiculed—for many things that have appeared to me praise-worthy; and which might be included under the article of **POLITE OECONOMY**.

Among others, for their love of dress, and affectation of appearance beyond the narrow limits of their fortune:—but above all, for their social entertainments—to which last head I shall chiefly confine these reflections.

The general frugality that is practised by some gentlemen of small incomes, enabling them occasionally to treat

treat their equals, and often their superiors in point of fortune (and which they do in great abundance, out of the accumulated savings in their ordinary way of living) is made the constant jest of the rich, and of such whose chief merit, perhaps is, That they have it in their power to treat every day.

But pray tell me on which side the jest truly lies?—Are we to laugh at the modest parsimony of the one, or the unfeeling arrogance of the other?

Why should GREATNESS insult LOWLINESS; and wherefore should meek SELF-DENIAL be the scorn of wanton LUXURY?

If the rich man banquets his friends on a service of plate, the frugal gentleman's service of pewter indicates as generous an intention, and is for the most part accompanied with a heartier welcome.

But

‘ But the folly of denying himself to keep up appearance ! ’ —

But the merit of denying himself, in order, as this world goes, to preserve respect !

‘ The beggary of heating his soup, and hashing his mutton again and again, that he may afford to give a supper once a month ! ’ —

The insolence of reproaching him with that beggary, since he never invited you to his hashed mutton ! — and the meanness of partaking of his more costly board, for no other end but to turn it into ridicule !

‘ The vanity of apeing his betters ! ’ —

His betters they are not : — for it may be that he can boast a descent, as illustrious as the best of them — or give him

64 CORIAT JUNIOR.

him but understanding and virtue; and he seeks not to avail himself of the meer ashes of his ancestry.

‘He would—but he cannot.’——

He would be richer (for greater he cannot be)—but failing of that accident, he is contented to act in conformity with the mode—to preserve an honest independency, and to shew how far virtuous oeconomy may be used as the prop of gentility.

And so we might battle it on, for the diversion of the auditors, for half an hour longer—and which of us, think you, would be most in the right?

‘Neither.’——

How! neither of us in the right?—what seems strange!—Which would be in the wrong then?

‘Both.’

Right

CORIAT JUNIOR. 63

Right and wrong depend upon numberless circumstances——Custom and education, and even locality often determine the difference.

It is right for any one decently to uphold the character of a gentleman, as far as he is able, if he is conscious that many of the requisites necessary to constitute such a character, are sentimentally impressed upon his mind, and deeply engraven upon his heart :—But if he is an utter stranger to those sensibilities, it is wrong in him to wear the mask of a gentleman,

It is perfectly right and consistent with the principles of a gentleman, to prefer the honour to the profits of his employment :——But it would be the wrongest way of thinking in the world, for any man who meant to make the most of his place.

The

The company which we fortunately joined at GHISTEL, happened to be of that sentimental cast; — they were vainer of merited rank, than of undeserved affluence: — and as several of them were distinguished, with little ensigns of princely honours pendent at their button-holes; it seemed to be their chief pride so to wear them, as that the public might more and more approve their sovereign's choice.

Nor was it less mine, as often as my dear country was the subject uppermost, to hear them with uncommon candour, magnify her greatness; and mutually to testify, that hereditary worth and bravery were inseparable from the genius of BRITAIN.

In feasting and agreeable converse, with music and dancing we past the day—ay, and a great part of the night too; — in the excellency of the latter,

I must not forget *Madame la Baronne de K——*, who though far advanced towards her grand climacteric, if not a little on the other side, out-danced the youngest of the company.

If I mistake not, somewhere here, or hereabouts, I promised to give some little account of GHISTEL : — for that purpose my companion and I slipped out of the room after dinner, in order to reconnoitre.

The only natural object that struck us was a small plantation of tobacco — the first we had ever seen growing in a common field : — but this is no rarity in FLANDERS.

We next pursued our walk towards the ruined church ; where happily meeting with the story of that blessed virgin-martyr saint GODELIVA ! — Nay then, said I, 'twill be impossible for us
to

to fulfil our engagement to the reader —her life deserves an history!—and shall I deny her the tribute of an entire chapter?—She shall have no less.

C H A P. X.

The Traveller falls a digging among the Rubbish of Ghisel, but is prevented from making any great Progress.

WHO says that OVID was a numscull? — I never said any such thing.——

Does it follow because the painter of the miraculous story of Saint GODELIVA, was a most ingenious artist, that therefore the tender-hearted Roman was a fool?

CORIAT JUNIOR. 69

I have no notion of raising one character, albeit it stands confessed that he has soared somewhat above human flight, at the expence of sinking another; who has certainly merited great praise both for his own and for others inventions.

‘ Who was that painter you are speaking of ? ’

I never heard his name——but names are indifferent things—he lives in his works, and in his monuments—HOMER and CÆSAR do no more.

‘ What were his works ? ’

Have I not told you ?—the miracles of that blessed virgin-martyr Saint GODELIVA.

‘ What

What were they ?

That old woman, whose business it is to attend strangers, for a small fee, will inform you.

‘ Can’t you tell us as well as the old woman ? ’

If you had rather have the tale from me, I’ll do my best to satisfy you — at least to set your curiosity agog ; which is as much as I can pretend to — from an accident that happened to frustrate my design.——

‘ What accident ?—what design ? — I don’t understand you.’——

I’m very glad of it ; as it affords me an opportunity of explaining myself.

But

CORIAT JUNIOR. 71

But first of all it is proper to acquaint you, that GHISTEL — once the boast of her province, and the pride of her encircling hamlets ! —

Or, (to speak more intelligibly) — that GHISTEL, which, if I am not misinformed, was ranked some centuries ago, among the most respectable cities in FLANDERS, is now reduced to an inconsiderable village ; nor could I perceive any thing that denoted its pristine grandeur, save the remains of a castle, formerly possessed by its ancient counts ; and about one half of a fine old church, large enough for its present inhabitants, which, if my memory fails me not, is dedicated to Saint GODELIVA.

‘ Pray who was she ? ’

Why

72 CORIAT JUNIOR.

Why she was the daughter of a count of BOULOGNE, and the wife of a certain count RODOLPHUS. —

Or it might be—that she was the wife of the count of BOULOGNE, and the daughter of somebody else.—The story is a little obscured by time, the common obscurer of many a good story.—However, certain it is, that she was one man's daughter and another man's wife. —

‘The first I shall readily grant you—but cannot so easily give into the other—because I think you set out with calling her a virgin-martyr.’

And so she was notwithstanding — I hope you won't discredit my relation upon that account — there is nothing uncommon in that—I could produce you twenty such instances.

Heaven

Heaven was pleased to make her the child of a hard-hearted father ; and as a further trial of her unexampled patience, that she should be the spouse of a tyrannical and cruel husband !

‘ All-bounteous heaven ! —— But it might be that the count’s cruelty arose from the lady’s obstinacy, in peevishly denying him that, to which by the matrimonial rite he had an indubitable claim—that alone for which the husband always gives a large consideration, and sometimes pays more for than it is worth.’

I cannot answer for his barbarity—true it is, that if the Saint was previously dedicated to the temple, as we have reason to think she was ; and that her earthly marriage was rigorously enforced upon her, it would have been damnable in the count to have asserted his fancied prerogative ; and the most

74 CORIAT JUNIOR.

heinous sacrilege he could have been guilty of, to have violated her sweet shrine upon any pretence whatsoever !

‘ Well, but the pictures.’——

Patience—and you shall have them.

One of the ailes of the remaining part of the church, forms her chapel, and is hung round with twelve large historical pictures, representing as many of her trials and miracles.—Now those, you must know, it was my full intention to bring away with me :——Don’t mistake me !—not the pictures themselves—no, I had not any such sacrilegious design !—only the stories there depicted—but unfortunately was prevented.

‘ What prevented you ? ’

That

CORIAT JUNIOR. 75

That you shall hear presently. —
However I made the best use of my
time ; and I trust the courteous reader
will accept of these specimens, as an
earnest of my kind intention.

This incomparable lady, from her
early childhood, appears to have been
blessed with the tenderest heart, that
ever melted in a human breast, towards
the wants of others ! — and as she
grew up, this darling principle waxed
stronger.

Alms-deeds were her chief delight—
and so that she was but continually
employed in relieving the distressed ;
what did it signify, if thereby she kept
her father and his household in everlast-
ing confusion ?——

‘ What’s become of all the victuals ? ’
cries one—‘ What devil has ran away
with my lord’s dinner ? ’ raves another.

1111

E 2

—No

—No matter—the poor it is to be hoped have had a good meal—and his lordship may send to market for more.

Fie on mother Goose!—she was an errant goose—and her tales, mere tales, compared with the acts of Saint GONZ-LIVA!

‘I wish you would produce the specimens.’

You shall have them.

The first then exhibits the fair almoner with her lap full of loaves, as we are to suppose (for she had just been clearing the cupboards of all the bread) going out of her father’s house to make her wonted distribution among the poor:—close at her heels followed the steward—it might be that he lay in wait for her.

‘Have

‘ Have I caught you, miss, thinks he!—now surrender to me your charge! —After this manner the bread is disposed of, and my lord is perpetually finding fault with the baker’s extravagant bill! — at the same time that the servants protest they are half-starved, and can scarce get any thing to eat!’

Whether this paragon of purity denied the fact, or tried to extenuate it, or wished to have it concealed from her enraged fire, is uncertain—most probably neither :—but that instantaneously she betook herself to presto-prayer!—For, upon the steward’s unfolding her apron to make good his charge, the little brick-loaves were suddenly converted into little fuel-billets! —There was a pretty metamorphosis for you!

‘Mighty ingenious, I confess; and what few people would have thought of.’

The subject of the second picture is as follows——

The count her father having prepared a magnificent banquet, upon some solemn occasion—perhaps that of his daughter’s nuptials—to which all the kings and princes, with their comforts, within twenty, or thirty miles of GHISTEL were invited—the company being met, and ready to eat their fingers with impatience—of a sudden, the cooks and their associates discover, that the whole entertainment had been secretly swept away!

This strange news presently reaches the ears of the footmen—who whisper it to the clerk of the kitchen—who relates it to the gentlemen in waiting—who

who carry it to the steward of the household—who privately communicates it to the old count;—adding of his own head, ‘ That he suspected this to be one of miss GODELIVA’s tricks!’—and, tauntingly, ‘ That the poor would not want sauce for one while—but that really his lordship’s cooks would gain very little credit!’

Stung with disgrace and disappointment, the old count stamped, swore, raved, bit his nails, gnashed his teeth, beat his forehead, smote his breast, crossed himself—and grew a little composed!

Anon, he roared out, ‘ Bring in the dinner!—how long are my noble friends to wait?’—But upon the steward’s refreshing his lordship’s memory, ‘ that the poor had eat it all up!’—he began again to execrate, cursing his stars, himself, his daughter, his house,

and all his princely guests!—‘Where’s GODELIVA?—where is the forcerefs?—bring her before me!’

The trembling fugitive is brought to answer for her ill-timed charity!—the enraged father’s looks are direful!—his menaces to extort the truth, fearful to human ears!—O more than savage count!—The sweet saint, all bathed in tears! prostrate before him!—implores——

‘What?—a miracle to be sure— for nothing less could save her at such a pinch!’

——Present relief—in the name of him (as the old woman informed us) who had miraculously fed five thousand! &c.

In the twinkling of an eye!—the turbots, turtles, haunches and firloins
——(or

—(or other cates which might have been thought as good in those days) dance back invisibly into their respective platters!—and are found, to the astonishment of the beholders, marshalled in the same order in which they were to have been placed upon the tables!

Was not that a banquet lost and found, think you?

‘This may be accounted a double miracle—for the conveyance was almost as astonishing as the re-conveyance.’

What strange employments princesses were set upon formerly, and what wretched shifts they were often reduced to!—Our ladies have no notion of such doings now-a-days.

We commonly meet with one at a washing-tub—and with another, when the king of the Peacocks, or some other great potentate comes to demand her highness in marriage—the fame of whose beauty had resounded to the utmost verge, not only of his dominions, but of the most distant kingdoms upon earth!—we are shocked to hear that such a paragon of beauty is confined to her bed—while her slippers are gone to be heel-pieced!—or that her highness is locked up—because, forsooth, she has no cloaths to appear in!

Upon recollecting these antient and well-attested relations, shall we then wonder to find in the legend of Saint GODELIVA, that that peerless princess was once humbled to a meek scare-crow?—her post having been to frighten away the birds from a field of ripe corn,

At

At one extremity of the field stood a fair chapel, such as pilgrims frequently meet with by the way-side:—to this inviting house of prayer the sweet scare-crow often repaired, unmindful of her charge.—These were so many favourable occasions, as you will suppose, for the watchful feathered songsters to make havock of the ripe ears:—no such thing, I promise you—they might hover over them if they pleased—but, in her absence, they dared not to touch a single grain!—And this is the subject of the third tablature.

But who have we here?—as I live! the pensionary and all the company!—They have followed us out of mere civility!—I wished their civility at the devil!

‘Sir’ said the pensionary, and blushed as he spoke—‘these pictures are not for you’—Observing that I had a pencil

in my hand, he was inquisitive to know, what use I had made of it?—I told him very innocently:—at which I perceived the colour in his cheeks grew higher; which by a sudden sympathy kindled a kindred glow in mine.—‘I can furnish you with more rational entertainment,’ said he—‘here is an inscription of the twelfth century’—leading me to the spot:—A pox take all inscriptions! thought I—can you find me such another set of pictures?

And must I leave thee, thou dulcet GODELIVA! divine cherub! chaste star of GHISTEL! whose fame survives thy country’s wreck!—I meant, sweet shade! at least to have learned the story of thy life, and then to have composed thy litany!

But I am fated to sacrifice three parts of my enjoyment to tyrannous mode,
and

CORLIAT JUNIOR. 85

and arbitrary politeness !—'tis what I have done all my life.

To tell you the truth, the pensionary and I looked very queerly at each other, as long as we remained in the church—if our eyes chanced to meet, it was to our mutual confusion ; and when we spoke, the same bashful hesitation faltered upon either tongue.

Indeed I thanked him for his inscription ; but was so little interested in the subject, that I don't remember a syllable of it. — It was forced upon me, and therefore I was not disposed to receive it. — It might have come in its turn well enough—but not to the prejudice of divine GOD-
LIVA.

He

He marked my indifference, and was vexed—and I was as much perplexed that he saw it :—I am persuaded that each considered the other as being in an awkward situation.

Unfortunately the subject was of that delicate nature, it would not admit of an explanation—the less that was said upon it the better.

He might suspect that I considered the pictures in a ridiculous light—perhaps he considered them in the same light, but in a less degree of ridicule.

Let no man henceforward, who would be thought polite, offend against another's private sentiments in matters of faith, or the established religion of a country where he chances to sojourn.

The

The gentleman who shared with me in this dilemma (I still mean the pensionary, but would avoid repeating his title (as often) is left with a countenance which strongly indicates an informed mind :—now and then we meet with such faces—his was remarkably intelligent upon this occasion :—so that without asking his judgment upon the pictures, I could read it in very legible characters, purporting—

‘ That men of understanding are justified in abetting the religion of their country ; but they may not be compelled to adopt every foolery belonging to it.’

CHAR

C H A P. XI.

A few affecting Twitches, which, it is to be hoped, arise naturally out of the Subject.

BY Saint GODELIVA!—who shall henceforth be the divinity that I will deprecate, as often as I undertake the cause of injured innocence, and defenceless beauty.

By Saint GODELIVA! said I, 'tis monstrous, cruel, unnatural!—nor will I admit of any argument in defence of so unfeeling, so inhuman a practice!

This was spoken to that modest and well-deserving gentleman, doctor M^r V——, as we were coming out of the convent of the devout sisters of *Our Lady of the Conception*.

Among

CORIAT JUNIOR. 29

Among other debts of obligation which I owe to the good doctor, I shall not readily forget his kindness in introducing me to the company of some of the nuns of that holy sisterhood; and in particular to my fair countrywoman, sister GRACE FOX;—who tho' born and bred a protestant of the church of ENGLAND, had been soothed, or tempted, or some how or other constrained to take the habit of that order.

Indeed 'tis a most bewitching habit!—enough to make any girl enamoured with a cloister, who was but sensible of her own charms (as most are, who have any; and many fancy, who have none) and conceited how well she would become it.

'Tis of fine white woollen cloth, spotless as the lambkin's fleece, from whence it is derived, and symbolical of its native purity:—the thin, transparent
black

black veil adown the face, contrasts the red and white,—which, from its gentle waving, still opens new beauties, still conceals what may be better imagined ! —The most loosely-attired coquet cannot display the thousandth part of them.

But turn thine eyes from it, thou fair observer!—too easily enticed by false appearance!—susceptible alike of good and evil!—for, take my word, *there's magic in the web of it!*

The moment thou puttest it on, thy beauties storehouse, the pride of heaven, thyself, and all mankind, will become a piteous charnel ! — thy fair opening blossoms will wither, thy roses fade, thy lillies shrink from their whiteness !—thy silken locks for ever be concealed !—thy crystal orbs cease to emit their wonted fires ! — thy fragrant breath, which late out-vied the morning's

ing's freshness, be thenceforth spent in broken and causeless sighs !——

Thine eyes will be directed to turn inwards, there to behold the spotless chamber of thy soul ! — wretched conceit ! — alas ! that thou mightest well do, hadst thou no eyes at all !

Who then shall mark thy witching airs, thy easy steps, thy graceful motions ?—— None but divinities shall hear thy soft melting speech ! — none but angels catch the enrapturing music of thy voice !

What a pity it is to see so many delicate young creatures shut up from society ! — the very ends of their being blasted ! — created to charm, to cheer, to be admired — to love and to be loved ! — to taste the riches of increase — to rejoice in their maker's bounty, not limited

52 CORIAT JUNIOR.

turned to them alone, but extended to
their numerous offspring!

What a perversion of scripture is
here?—Virgins and lamps!—vessels of
honour and leafy trees!—Which are the
fornish virgins?—those who attended
the bridegroom's coming, or those who
went not till it was too late?—Which
are the most honourable, the full, or the
empty vessels?—Which the goodliest
tree, the leafy or the fruitful?

Here buried alive, they grow and
wither in obscurity!—they may not be
smelled, scarce looked upon, their fra-
grancy never once to be tasted!—their
sweet breath serving only to bedew and
perfume the hallowed walls, rendered
such by incensing them!

And to the conversion of my pretty
countrywoman, it seems, was, in a great
mea-

measure, owing to the late pious bishop of BRUGES.

His lordship had learnt that her inclination was wavering, her faith unsteady, her means of support slender. —

Here a fine opportunity presented itself of taking her soul into keeping—of fixing her faith—and, at the same time, of securing her body's maintenance. — He paid down the price of her admission among the *Conceptionists*.

To establish the wavering mind—to receive the stranger—to patronize the wretched, are certainly acts of great humanity, and becoming a bishop as much as any man whatsoever.

His lordship, no doubt, was happy in thinking that he had gained a soul : — But I dare say he never once reflected,
how

how many good subjects the king my master may have lost through his zeal ; and Heaven perhaps as many saints.

Your pardon, my dear doctor ! 'tis your want of consideration, not mine : — no man upon earth loves, honours, respects them more than myself — you consider them too partially — my affection for them is as unbounded as love itself.

You only want to add to the number of the elect — I would wish to increase the inhabitants of Heaven !

I know you are a papist, doctor ; — and from an unaccountable fondness for your female relations, may wish to have, at least, two thirds of your sisters, aunts and cousins become nuns and saints : — But I, upon sound protestant principles, cannot for the soul, or for the body of me, or both united, consider a woman — but as a woman.

C H A P. XII.

*Of the Passage by Water from Ostende
to Bruges.*

FOUR days and a great part of a fifth, spent in such a narrow confine as OSTENDE, were enough to make any stranger tired of her bleak prospects, which hardly admit of a tree.

But it is not such an easy matter to grow tired of company that we affect—on the contrary, the longer we stay, the less inclined we are to depart; nor is there any thing more common than for friendships to ripen from accidental meetings.

If any difficulty should arise upon that head, the best way to solve it, is to pursue

purſue the method ſucceſsfully practiſed by my fellow-traveller and me: which was to prevail upon ſome of them to accompany us a part of the journey:— accordingly the ſenſible penſioner went on with us to BRUGES, the polite chevalier D'H—— to GHENT, the lady in whoſe houſe we had experienced ſo much courteſy, to BRUSSELS, and my daughter, of courſe, to the end of my obſervations.

We took boat at OSTENDE, and proceeded to SAS, where we went on board the BRUGES-barge at three in the afternoon, the precise hour of ſetting out; after taking leave of the courteous Dr. M^c V——, and others who attended us thither.

The SAS, or ſluice which opens to the grand canal, ſupplying it with ſea-water upon the flowing of the tide, is juſtly admired as one of the fineſt, if
not

not the first work of its kind in EUROPE.

The beautiful saw-mills, in number sixteen (fourteen of which are for planks, and two for laths) are esteemed perfect models in their way :—The elegant manner of setting them down in rows, so as to form, as it were, a little village of mills, has a pleasing effect; and is a certain proof how much we are caught with regularity in some works of art.

The architect of them is still living —I had the pleasure of meeting with him some days after at MECHLIN; and he did not appear to me to be a meer mill-wright :—indeed there is so much taste in those works, over and above the mechanical knowledge requisite, as bespeak him something more.

I shall not take upon me to determine, how far we are benefitting ourselves by all the rage of improvement with which we seem to be possessed : — nor, whether the introduction of saw-mills would be an advantage ?—All I shall observe is, that our neighbours find their account in them ; and that they avail themselves of their mechanics (in every kind of mill-work especially) far more than we do. — I could easily point out a small district in HOLLAND, inferior to the ordinary extent of a parish, which contains more mills, than a whole province with us.

This is vulgarly supposed to be entirely owing to the accident of their watery situation—but it is a great mistake, for they are all wind-mills.

Not to disappoint our northern navigation, nor to starve a number of our own industrious poor (God forbid!) are
weighty

CORIAT JUNIOR. 99

weighty considerations : —I would not be instrumental either to the one, or the other.

On the contrary, was it within the compass of my slender ability, to throw out such hints, as might be the means of my country's spreading more canvas upon the bosom of the ocean ; and starting fresh matter of employment for my poor fellow subjects at home ; I should be too happy !—I should be rich myself, — far, far beyond the vulgar idea of riches !

In the mean time if, after due consideration, saw-mills are thought necessary, I have only pointed out where the most perfect models are to be found.

There are coaches, or diligences which go, I believe, regularly between OSTENDE, SLYK and BRUGES ; but the most preferable conveyance, when-

ever the canals are open, is, in my opinion, by water.

The passage from OSTENDE to BRUGES, in a large commodious barge, drawn by a pair of horses along the great cut, or grand canal, called the BRUGES-canal, is really delightful, and affords a new and agreeable scene, to persons unacquainted with inland navigation.

I cannot precisely determine the number of tons burden of those vessels; neither is it material, as they are not constructed so much for goods and merchandize, as for the accomodation of passengers; which end is happily effected by the genteel and orderly manner of conducting them.

Those who never travelled in any way resembling this, nearer than a West-country-barge, a Gravesend-boat
or

or a Margate-hoy, will be able to form, but very inadequate ideas : — in either of which 'tis great odds if the sober traveller meets with any thing but dirt and disorder, and rascally company ;—spontaneous in that vile ribaldry called *water-wit* ; but who have no sense of any pleasantry, but that which consists in profaneness and abuse.

Persons of a sober cast, and endued with common reflection, whose business or convenience may occasionally make them prefer cheapness to every other consideration, must needs be unhappy in such miserable society :—and even those who glory most in their native freedom, cannot but lament the abuse of it, which appears in the general depravity and licentiousness of our common people.

On the contrary, there you meet with nothing but harmony—the utmost civility

102 CORIAT JUNIOR.

civility to strangers, and propriety to each other :—you might as soon expect to partake of the diversion of ducking a pick-pocket, as to hear an indecent word, far less an oath, from the mouth of the meanest passenger ;—or to see a battle-royal fought upon the deck, as to perceive the least immodest action, or gesticulation in any of the company.

The barge is divided into three parts—in either extremity is a handsome cabin (high enough in the roof for a tall man to stand upright) genteely fitted up with looking-glasses, curtains and other necessary furniture :—the cabin in the stern is always reserved for the states of the province, and is therefore called the states-cabin ; and that in the head, is for the better sort of passengers, or those who pay the first price :—the middle, is for inferiors, who pay half-price, as well as for the
reli-

religious of the mendicant orders, who abound in that country, and some or other of them are constantly to be met with in the barges:—they are well received by the skippers, and pass *gratis* from one place to another.

There is not the least confinement on board; but the passengers stay below, or walk the deck; form themselves into little parties of conversation, or cards; or remain solitary, or read, as the weather and their different dispositions suit.

There is a good road, or causeway on either side the canal, on the right of which in going, a postillion with a pair of horses and a splinter-bar at the end of the traces, to which a small cord leading from the mast is fastened, move on at an equal trot:—when the wind serves, they hoist a sail, which

happened to be the case that afternoon.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the equal motion, and almost imperceptible gliding along :—the time passes insensibly in courteous company and polite conversation ; in writing letters, or in recollecting and preparing the particular business you may have in hand.

To strangers, in fine weather, it is perfect solace to sit under an awning in the steerage—to traverse the deck—to behold the beautiful bed of water, cut in a strait line for several miles in length, and farther than the eye can reach ; either side in some parts planted with trees :—and as the country thereabouts is very open, and well stocked with villages, which throughout the province are within a league of each other, the traveller may in one circumference

sumference count (as I have done) above twenty parish-churches, besides a great number of convents, castles, gentlemen's seats and ruins.

The vessel will easily accommodate three, or four score passengers :—there people of all ranks and professions mix promiscuously—clergy and laity ; persons of the most respectable character in the country, and often high in office ; ladies and gentlemen ; chanoines of cathedrals, curates of parishes, and conventual priests and friars ; merchants and artificers ; countrymen and their wives :—for quietness, you might even fancy yourself at church—and though the garb of the ordinary people is coarse and plain, yet 'tis commonly neat, and never offensive.

In a time of general national improvement in our own country—when arts, manufactures and commerce are

rising (I rather should say, are rose) to such a height, as scarcely any nation has ever equalled, and none excelled; among other works of rare genius and industry, no wonder that certain great spirits have lately arisen among us, who with consummate judgment have planned, and at an immense labour and expence have carried their noble designs into execution.

But what is too vast for the mind of man?—He who can measure time and space, and number infinites, and map the universe!—create a force that might suspend the globe!—explore the bowels of the earth, and find out its contents and uses!—bid navies rise, and have free and safe passage through the boundless ocean!—can seemingly invert the established laws of nature!—He who can tame the fiercest savage, can certainly change the course of a current:—he who can make a lion crouch, may
be

be presumed to be capable of guiding the goodly merchant ship, through paths where corn and herbage lately grew.

Well might our arch-poet * stand in admiration of his own image, and cry out in extasy!——

What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !

Blessings be the present reward of their labour, as future honour can never fail to crown their memory to latest, latest time !

I have no doubt but that the undertakers and encouragers are already apprized of every end of their grand designs, and of every means to effect them;—they have already given, as I am informed, sufficient testimony of their profound skill in the science of levelling, draining, imbanking, &c.—But their candour, I'm persuaded, will pardon my presumption (for candour is generally, and should be always found with the ingenious) unequal as I am to the task, or in the remotest way to aid their endeavours, for dropping a hint which may be useful, at least, to future undertakers—that in case of any difficulty, the curious searcher may be almost sure of overcoming it, by a due observance of different parts of the NETHERLANDS.

The cutting and imbanking the BRUGES-canal, as well as many more through

CORLAT JUNIOR. 109

through which I afterwards pass;—
their draw-bridges, raised with as much
ease, as buckets of water;—turn-
bridges, as the bars of turnpikes;—
stupendous flood-gates thrown open,
with little more difficulty than a pair
of folding doors; letting ships of two
or three hundred tons burden pass
through, and gently closing again!—
such glorious proofs of human wit and
industry, thought I, may be no ways
striking (like St. Paul's cathedral and
Westminster-abbey) to those who see
them every day—but to me, who I con-
fess had but very imperfect ideas of
such perfect works, they appear great,
immense, astonishing!

If any thing can favour the de-
scription more, which I have given
of the pleasure and satisfaction arising
from this water-conveyance; give me
leave to add, that it is the entire se-
curity

110 CORIAT JUNIOR.

curity you enjoy as to your person and goods.

People who are naturally fearful of the water, may rest as well satisfied as if in their own chambers; the apparent possibility of danger being cut off.—Those who are negligent of their concerns, need not be under the least pain on account of their carelessness, provided they are sure that they dropt, or left any thing in the barge.

In a GRAVESEND boat, or a LONDON hackney-coach, if a passenger should leave his matters behind him; 'twere a hundred to one if he recovered them from the moment he turned his back:—But there it is far otherwise; for if one of the company should chance to forget a parcel, or drop his purse, or his watch, or a diamond ring
from

CORIAT JUNIOR. 111

from off his finger, he would be sure to find it a month afterwards.

THE FLEMINGS, even the meanest of them, are honest—but the master of a barge, or a coach is unexceptionably so:—a stranger may always leave it to one of those people to pay himself, and there is no danger of his taking a farthing more than his due.

The passage from OSTENDE to BRUGES is called four hours, or leagues; for throughout the NETHERLANDS distance is computed by time—but having a fair wind, we performed it in about two hours and a half,

CHAP.

C. H. A. P. XIII.

*Somewhat about TOM CORIAT; and
of the Advantage of talking Latin.*

I Am but a poor scholar, God help me!—my old namesake, honest TOM CORIAT, was a very great one—honest TOM! who was certainly a wiser man than the world thought him; and a better, than many of those that laughed at him:—who not contented with being laughed at, at home, chose to take great strides * upon the continents of EUROPE and ASIA—and doubtless set folks a tittering wherever he went.

TOM possesseth one part of FALSTAFFE's character in a very eminent degree;

* He traversed a great part of EUROPE and ASIA on foot.

and

CORIAT JUNIOR. 143

and if he was not over-witty himself, he was the true cause *that wit was in other men.**

TOM was the *jig-maker* of the court—the *vice* of every comedy, and the *punch* of every puppet-show in his time; whether acted by lords and ladies at Saint James's, by aldermen and their wives in their *Guildhall*, by poets and their punks in taverns, or by grave heads of houses and their fellows in the universities.

Poor TOM! as many of us know, lived about a hundred and fifty years since—when, or where, or in what

* See the verses, some of which are incomparably humorous, prefixed to his *CRUDITIES*, 4to. Lond. 1611—or a re-publication of the same with additions, under the title of *The ODCOMBIAN BANQUET*; *dished forth* by THOMAS THE CORIAT, 4to. 1611 — Also the works of JOHN TAYLOR, the WATER-POET, fol. Lond. 1630.

manner

114 CORIAT JUNIOR.

manner he died, nobody can tell with any certainty.

So COMMON FAME reports—but HISTORIC TRUTH bears testimony to the death and burial of that memorable man!—it were a shame indeed, had she been silent at the exit and exequies of that joco-serious *unique* of his age! the matchless TOM CORIAT, *alias* TOM TELL-TRUTH!—who having untimely walked himself out of breath, finished his topographico-pedestrial course at SURAT, about the month of December 1617.*

TOM was a great *Græcian*, and little less a *Latinist*.

* To acquire a further knowledge of that singular man of men, it will be necessary to consult his *CRUDITIES*, before referred to, and no less his *CRAMBE*—Also PURCHAS's *Pilgrims*, HARRBERT's *Travels*, TERRY's *Voyage to East India*, and WOOD's *Athenæ Oxon.*

And

And indeed the knowledge of some one or two more, besides the mother tongue is absolutely necessary in travelling:—more especially if your mother happened to be an ENGLISH-WOMAN, or a DUTCH-WOMAN; a DANE, a NORWEGIAN, or a LAPLANDER; a SWEDE, a RUSS, or a POLE; with some others that I could name, if I was at leisure:—though I ought to beg pardon for the two last-mentioned, they being both dialects of the *Slavonic*, which is spoken by more nations and countries than I shall enumerate at this time; or indeed than any other *European* language:—but for the rest, they are absolutely fettered down to their own particular districts and provinces.

If your mother happened to be a GERMAN, you might then traverse a vast tract of country; and pass for an intelligible creature:—but if a SWISS,

so much the better; nor need I wish you a better fortune—for then one might be sure that you had risen a learned man from your cradle.

If she chanced to have been a FRENCH-WOMAN, I congratulate you from my soul!—provided you are not too conceited with it; and vainly expect that all mankind as well as yourself ought to speak French, because, forsooth, your mother was a FRENCH-WOMAN.

Now this is really so far from being the true state of the case, that tho' you meet with several who can speak that almost universal language; it is also certain you may encounter with many, who are as totally ignorant of *French* as I am of *Arabic*.

For example—I met with a pious soul of a *Recollet* in the barge passing
be-

CORIAT JUNIOR. 117

between OSTENDE and BRUGES, who was first reading his breviary, next bidding his beads : — then another page or two of the breviary ; and then another round or two of the beads. — When he had performed his devout exercises, he had leisure to look at me—and I looked at him again.

He accosted me in *Latin*, and I answered him in *French* : — I presently found the father did not understand a word of *French* ; and I dare say the good man was as well satisfied, that if I had a few Latin words, I hardly knew how to put them together : — yet still we conversed, and made it out as well as we could : — the conversation was really edifying— but it would have been much more so, had we understood each other better.

This was not the only instance by a great many that I met with, of the advantage

vantage of the *Latin* even above the *French* — especially in visiting the monasteries; which is to me by much the most entertaining part of a journey in the AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS: —

The past religious state of our own country naturally recurs to us, and its monastic antiquities are familiarised, with all the spirit of real life and action.

In all the modern tongues which we acquire, to be able to speak is a great object, as well as to read and understand. — I marvel then that it should be so much neglected in learning the dead languages, especially the *Latin*, as it is in our schools and seminaries.

For my part, I am so thoroughly satisfied of its utility, and so must every gentleman who would chuse to *improve* himself by travel; that I am determined
the

the first opportunity I have, to renew my acquaintance with my old friend ERASMUS — And if any success should follow this well-intended work ; out of the first end of it, will I enrich my library with a complete set of CLARKE's classics with literal translations ; and another set of Dr. STIRLING's with verbal indexes.

One ought never to be too old to learn.

After having made a tolerable progress in reading, I'll set about speaking —and if I can get nobody to talk with me—why I'll talk to myself.

One should not be always reading ; 'tis idle—and without communication, unprofitable.

city. — It may be so, for, upon my honour! I never counted them——no more than I did the streets; which, it seems, amount to two hundred and sixty.

They tell you moreover, that there are about seventy parochial and conventual churches: —I can easily believe it, from the astonishing number of ecclesiastics, secular and regular, which are seen in the streets; and who abound full as much here, as in any city of the Netherlands.

I tell you very fairly, my time was so short I saw but little of that once flourishing mart; arriving there only in the evening, and leaving it by nine o'clock the next morning; — so that it was with the utmost difficulty, in so large a place, that I made shift to run up one street, and down another — to pop my head first into one church, then
into

into another :—If any of the courteous inhabitants did me the honour of a salute *en passant*, as is very customary ; to present them with my best bows in return !—to step into one shop, and ask for snuff ; and into another, to buy a memorandum book ; with the better grace to inform myself of the name of such a place, or such an edifice—to thank them for their information, and to forget both, by the time I had turned the corner of the next street ;—with many more impertinencies of the same kind, in the true spirit of modern travelling.

Yet what little I saw, I liked ; and what I liked, I needs must commend.

But before I enter upon any further particulars respecting the city ; let me, like a faithful guide disembark my readers, and convey them, in the most agreeable manner, from the barge with-

out the OSTENDE port, to *Myn Heer* VANDENBERGH's at the Corn-Bloom (*Fleur de Bled*) the house of our destination.

At our near approach to the landing-place, I was struck with the appearance of about half a dozen fine equipages, which were waiting, as I concluded, for some of the passengers, gentlemen and ladies to whom they belonged; and whose quality I began to take into further consideration.

As I am confident, at least, one half of my readers would have been of the same opinion, so I shall not be ashamed to acknowledge I was under a very great mistake; and that those same equipages, fine as they were, with all their carving and gilding, their plate glasses before and behind and on either side; their velvet linings, fringes, and tassels—turned out to be only a
stand

stand of hackney coaches ; one of which was immediately secured for our company.

Before you can be admitted within the gates of any city in the Austrian Netherlands, it is necessary to answer a few lawful questions ; such as, Who you are ? whence you came ? your business ? and, in particular, if you have any uncustomed goods ?——Nor are those questions put to strangers only, but even the natives of the country, as often as they travel, must give account of themselves.

However disagreeable such interruptions may be, to people who have been used to do as they list, and to come and go as they please ; yet as we don't find this authority is ever abused, no incon-
 veniency can possibly arise to quiet subjects, and harmless travellers :—on the contrary, the security of both depends

upon the rigour of the state ; and to the vigilance and uprightness of the magistracy, and the exemplary lives of the clergy, it is owing that their populace are far more civilized than ours ; that profane swearing, drunkenness, and other licentious abominations are discountenanced, and knavery crushed in the bud ; and that numberless crimes which are the growth of free cities, are very rare among the Flemings.

As BRUGES afforded no novelty to any of our party, who had been often there before, save to my fellow-traveller and myself ; we chose rather to walk to the inn, than to be shut up in one of their fine hacks.

It is impossible for a stranger not to be struck with the approaches to the city ; the solemnity of the ports, the neatness of the streets, the capaciousness

ness of the markets ; the venerable aspects of the churches, monasteries, and public edifices ; the stateliness of some houses and the elegance of others : —add to these, the universal tranquility among the inhabitants, that succeeded their jubilee, which ended but three days before, and you have a faint idea of what BRUGES is.

What it was, you may partly gather from the general face of antiquity which appears throughout its buildings ; the thinness of its inhabitants, compared with its circumference ; from its immense weighing engines, now fallen to decay ; from many of its canals overgrown with grass, leading to spacious warehouses which were once the chief repositories in Europe !——and from other circumstances which sufficiently denote the nothingness of human grandeur, and the vicissitude of human things.

Yet such is the will of Heaven, that every sublunary state should suffer change ; and that as wise and virtuous men, for the most part, have been the founders and improvers of cities ; so weak and wicked princes, or their ministers, have been deemed fit instruments for their ruin and overthrow.

But if COMMERCE is fallen among them, RELIGION still lifts her head ; and if the number who wait upon the altar, can be admitted in testimony of the piety of its inhabitants ; this surely may be accounted *an holy city* !—Priests and prophets in abundance—but not one JEREMIAH to be found to lament over her ! — The truth is, that they of all people have the least cause for lamentation.

But 'tis time to take a little notice of the situation of our inn, lest we should strole too far and forget the way back.

CORIAT JUNIOR. 129

back.—Upon my word, a very good house!—methinks I could wish it stood a little more airy—I have no other objection—O, here comes our landlord—

‘Your servant, gentlemen!—welcome to BRUGES!—Your company’s up stairs!—Shew the room, PETER!—The ladies are just going to drink tea!—Supper will be ready at eight precisely!—a great many strangers in town!—answer the bell there!—your servant, gentlemen!’—

All in a breath!—thank you, *Myn Heer* VANDENBERGH.—A mighty civil host!—and as fluent as a London wintner.

Why then, my worthy companion, I propose that we join with our party in a general welcome to this capital, that we take a refreshing dish of tea

G 5 standing,

standing, that we ramble as long as it may be convenient, and afterwards betake ourselves to the book-seller's shop over the way, and there wait the call to supper.

The shops of bookfellers should always be visited by the curious traveller; since they may be considered as the abstracts of the genius and learning of the country.

A well-read, and at the same time, a well-bred man, might in half an hour learn to dress his conversation by them; — choosing such subjects as were most for his own information, and best suited to the humour of the people; and avoiding such as he apprehended might give offence.

I am so clear in this conceit, tho' some may be disposed to laugh at it (and they have free leave so to do) that

that I don't know whether, in some situations, I would not pay the book-feller a visit, even before I had sent for the dresser.

To strengthen this opinion, and to guard against the sneers of some of my merrily-disposed readers, give me leave to observe—That if I had been hoodwinked, and privately conveyed from LONDON, not knowing whither I was going, and had been set down in *Myn Heer VAN PRAET's* shop at BRUGES; as soon as mine eyes had been uncovered and that I could look about me, I should not have hesitated a moment to pronounce, that the religion of the country was popish, and the bulk of the inhabitants, bigots. — Upon a slight survey I should have discovered, that the country was FLANDERS; —and a little more reflection would have opened to me, That the secular clergy were profound canonists, and not a little enve-

132 CORIAT JUNIOR.

loped in the rubbish of the schools; but that the regulars delighted mostly in monastical history and the lives of saints and founders : That the learned laity, were able civilians, but vague philosophers ; the principles of DESCARTES being still the reigning ones, maugre all experiment :—That from the number of obsolete books of medicine, I should judge their physicians depended more upon reading than practice :—That the politer sort, amused themselves with the antiquities of their own country, and the genealogies of their own houses (a voluminous body !)—and that their *belles lettres*, were the last new books imported from FRANCE.

Have I made it out ?—if not, I must postpone it till another opportunity—for see, the waiter is come to tell us supper is ready.

CORIAT JUNIOR. 233

A mighty genteel company indeed!—among whom, it was my particular good fortune to be seated next to a very agreeable English lady:—We did not know one another at first—I don't know how we should, for we had never seen each other before:—However, I was not unknown to her husband, who was at table, and very near me, though I did not see him.—So after supper we became a little better acquainted.

I find good eating is no new thing upon the continent, though some have misrepresented that matter—for my old namesake extolled it highly in several places, above a century and a half ago:—Like a true son of BRITAIN and GOOD CHEER, he exulted in the number of dishes; and admired that any one might stuff away for two hours together, at so moderate a charge as fifteen, or twenty-pence a head!

Indeed

Indeed our's was, to use one of Tom's favourite epithets, a most *delectable* repast!—consisting of at least fifty covers, including the desert—thanks to the confederate Mr. VANDENBERGH! who studies as much as any man to hit all palates, without laying too heavy a tax upon their pockets.

Upon hearing Mr. D——'s name mentioned, I began to look about!—and who should it be but Mr. D—— himself?—Sir, I am very glad to see you!—your lady, I presume!—Madam, your most obedient!—

This gentleman's story is somewhat remarkable—but I have no time to tell stories:—Let it suffice, that he had merit enough to deserve distinction, long before he found any; but, unhappily, it was of that bathful kind, which is ever the secret enemy of those who possess it, and sometimes ends in their ruin.

CORIAT JUNIOR. 135

rain.—A fine bold-faced fellow with the *twentieth-part-the-tythe* of his pretensions, would have made a fortune, while the other was making out the means to live.

BUT MODEST MERIT will sooner, or later emerge from its obscurity ;—or, if it fails, like VIRTUE, it proves its own reward.

Happily at last he found a patron, who thought his modesty no blemish :—nay, he even cherished him the more upon that account, and gave him the full fruition of his reasonable wishes.

I say he found a patron, or a patron found him—and such a one, as virtuous TIMES will wonder at, though corrupt SEASONS may traduce !—One, whose genuine worth and true nobility will be the admiration of after-ages, when

SLANDER

136 CORIAT JUNIOR.

SLANDER is struck dumb, and ENVY is no more!

The Flemings, as you know, sir, don't understand toasting, otherwise I would propose your MECÆNAS—but if you please, your lady and you and I will drink his health.

C H A P. XV.

A hasty Ramble over Part of BRUGES, with a Word or two upon long Cloaks and Riding Hoods, and the Academy of Painting.

THE pensionary took leave of our party over-night, being to return early in the morning to OSTENDE; and it was a particular concern to me to lose so agreeable, so intelligent a companion:—but the chevalier D'H— accompanied us to GHENT.

But

CORIAT JUNIOR. 137

But come, my trusty friend and fellow traveller, let us be stirring!—let us beat the rounds and scour the streets as fast as possible!—consider, our time is short!—nine o'clock will be here presently—and the barge won't wait a minute!—

As I live! the people are all abroad, as if at noon-tide—some flocking to church, others driving to market, others posting to business!—They keep good hours, I'm told, and go to bed sober:—they rise early, go to mass first, and then to work:—Their priests tell them, that having first paid their adorations to Heaven, they may then confidently pursue their vocations, and that their work will prosper!—What pity 'tis their priests should mislead them!

Most of the religious orders, I observe, walk about singly—but Capucins in pairs——

The

The ladies long cloaks and riding-hoods, such as were in fashion in ENGLAND in the days of my grandmother, I am absolutely in love with !—I always regarded them as the most horrible disguises that ever were invented—now I see 'tis far otherwise : — But BEAUTY, clad with MODESTY, what can disguise ?

They answer several essential purposes to managing ladies, so that the wearers may be as well, or as carelessly dressed under them as they please ; are very decent for morning prayer, morning exercises and morning visits ; nor are they unbecoming—and suit with the notion of an undress, far better than frippery modes and gauzes, and senseless chip hats.

How you stare at that crucifix !—Did you never see one before ?

‘ Several

CORIAT JUNIOR. 139

‘ Several—but the people take their hats off, as they pass by’——

Well, let them, if they chuse it—and you may keep your’s on——

‘ ’Tis very strange!’——

There’s nothing strange—men wonder from their ignorance!

This is the cathedral—a venerable pile!—shall we enter?

‘ A vast many pillars to support so large a roof!’——

I’m glad you have found that out,—

‘ Pictures, without number!’——

That’s enough—no matter what they are.——But now you talk of pictures, pray let us hasten to the academy of painting.——

Mr.

Mr. Cocq, the superintendant, who is himself a painter, received us very courteously, and shewed us what little matter was to be seen; which was much less than I expected—for it consisted merely of the painting-rooms, and of the manner of *making* pictures, and carrying on the manufacture.

The pieces then in hand were four large views of sea-ports in FRANCE, copying from prints after the celebrated VERNET, and enlarged to the dimensions of about five feet by seven and a half.

I found they were bespoke-work for some nobleman's saloon; that the price was to be three-score guineas a-piece, which was very moderate, considering the size and the great number of figures:—they looked pleasing—and when finished, would answer as well as any other hangings.—But that an ACA-

DEMY

CORIAT JUNIOR. 141

DEMY of PAINTING, should, in effect, be reduced to an OIL'D-CLOTH MANUFACTURE, I must own gave me some concern!

Mr. Cocq, who is a portrait-painter, shewed us several of his heads, which he executes very neatly at one guinea a-piece—the sizes, about twelve inches, by ten.

I am persuaded if some of our young artists would undertake in that size, at double, or treble the price demanded by Mr. Cocq, they would succeed:—and for these plain reasons—because they would come cheap, and not take up much room.—People might then preserve the likenesses of their family and friends, without any incumbrance;—whereas the great staring half and whole length portraits as big as life, require too much space; and I am under the necessity of removing those of my progenitors

142 **CORIAT JUNIOR.**

genitors to brokers shops, in order to make room for my own, and my wife's, and our precious pledges.

All are not VAN DYCKs, nor REYNOLDS'—and the portrait-painter must be excellent who long survives his employers :—His fame may be accidental ; and for a while he may live in a favourite head, or a singular character.—Without some such fortuitous circumstance, his name will be shortly obliterated, and his best works be hurried down the rapid stream of TIME, in common with other lumber.

But the hour of departure is come—Sir, we are much obliged to you for this favour,

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

*Of the Passage by Water from Bruges to
Ghent.*

I Shall make it a rule in the course of these observations (and I hope I may be indulged) not to repeat the same circumstances again and again.—

It cannot answer any purpose, save that of unnecessarily swelling the work, at an immense fatigue and drudgery to myself.

If some readers are so fond of books, that they cannot even take a comfortable nap without one in their hands; I here declare it is my intention to disappoint such lovers as much as possible—nor will I court the concurrence of any, but those who are able to keep
their

their eyes open, and have all their senses about them, in their full vigour.

Not that I mean entirely to exclude winking and nodding—far from it—I own myself too much interested in both the one and the other :—but then let them be the winks of reflection, and the nods of approbation.

Having already spoken pretty fully of the conveniency, decency, and even elegance of the water-conveyances upon the canals in FLANDERS; I have only to add upon that head, that the BRUGES-barge to GHENT is considerably larger than the one of yesterday; and that the company was far more numerous :—But as the entertainment you meet with, is somewhat singular, it may not be amiss to describe it—always with a regard to such of my readers only, as were not acquainted with it before.

Instead

Instead of laying the passengers under the disagreeable necessity of sending in provisions for the day's journey; the master of the vessel, or skipper, takes that concern entirely upon himself; and about one o'clock the company are summoned to partake of a very genteel dinner, consisting always of two courses and a plentiful desert, with variety of wines—the whole, I may venture to say, considering the size of the place, is as neatly conducted as at any tavern in LONDON.

The ordinary is divided into three classes, each distinguished according to the quality and circumstances of the passengers—the first table being for such as pay the first price, the second for those who pay half price, and the third for gratis-passengers and servants.

But what appeared the most extraordinary to me, was, that the several tables should be supplied from a slip of a kitchen about eight feet long, and scarcely four feet wide; and that fourscore or an hundred people should be served with a variety of hot dishes, without the least seeming hurry, or confusion—in short, so quietly, that though you may guess at what is going forward, you hardly know any thing of the matter till they are set before you.

The whole expence of the passage, including the agreeable repast before-mentioned, does not exceed six *schillings* a head, about three shillings and six-pence sterling.

They make it a day's journey, from nine in the morning till about six in the evening, and count the distance but eight leagues; though in my opinion,

opinion, considering we meet with but few stops, and are in constant motion, as well when at dinner, as at any other time, and that the horses are jogging on at an easy trot for almost nine hours ; it cannot be computed at less than three or four-and-thirty English miles.

For my part, had it been as many leagues, I should not have been tired of the agreeable company I found there ;—particularly of the unaffected politeness, and edifying conversation of my countryman father M——,* prior of the English Carthusians at NIEUPORT ; a gentleman who appears to be blest with many of those rare talents which endear their possessors to society ; insomuch that

* Formerly a commander in the SPANISH cavalry.

lapsed humanity may well regret the plain paths of VIRTUE, are so often thought to be diametrically opposite to the purposes of GRACE.

His relations and more intimate friends must certainly have lamented the early surfeit which he took of life ; and measuring life's prosperity by the false scale of human prudence, foresaw more glory to their hope and their inheritance in heading an army, than in presiding over an handful of mute solitaires : — We may therefore conclude, several of them regarded him, as one born to disappoint their most sanguine expectation, from the moment he exchanged the camp for the cloister.

Doubtless his calling was sure ! — nor could it be mistaken for a strong conceit of the will — or the after-weakness which often succeeds dis-

GUST

GUST and the rage of DISAPPOINTMENT :—For some of us, I fear, are too apt to place indiscriminately RELIGIOUS ELECTION to the score of the DIVINE CALL.—His, I am persuaded, was quite otherwise—if he says so.

Well, be that as it may—I here give it you under my hand, that as often as I find men called to a christian temper—to *love mercy, and walk humbly*, I shall not dispute the fitness of their CALL :—And if they chuse to walk in some particular habits (wherever such distinctions are warranted) I shall be apt to say that, from custom, one habit is as eligible as another :—If they prefer solitude to the world; it may be they have some private views of their own :—As to their abstinencies and other mortifications ; I must own, I cannot see any great pleasure in them :—But,

H 2

it

time being) their fastings and watchings; their total abstinence from flesh, and the comfortable refreshments of linen; ill suit with the accepted rules of life.

Notwithstanding those discouragements, it is not many years since an English gentleman of fortune, and of a protestant family, went over to them; — maugre his education in one of our celebrated universities.

What shall we say to these extremes? — Nothing — but that man will be always found a contradiction to himself! — still groping, darkling, in the midst of an imaginary blaze! — still studying more and more to bewilder the maze of his existence! — the sage of folly — the fool of his own wisdom!

C H A P. XVII.

*Which as it relates chiefly to the Author,
cannot be very interesting to the Reader.*

‘**A** Book of travels quotha!—I believe nobody ever saw such a book of travels! — a book of wanderings rather—interfected with whimsical digressions and unseasonable reflections.’

That it seems is your opinion—but happy it is for us writers that mankind are a little divided upon the subject of authors; so that the worst of us and the most trifling, Heaven be praised! are not without our admirers—**TOM THUMB**, I dare affirm, has as many as **TOM JONES**.

H 5

How

How can you and I pretend to establish that, about which the legislative body the critics are at perpetual variance?—and are every session making new ordinances, and abrogating old—reviving the dead letter with fresh vigour, explaining, amending, &c.

Shall we presume to proportion the quantity of salt, and the measure of judgment necessary, to preserve a wise son living author from being *blown*, for the space of five, or seven years?—We might as well fancy, we could recover the *Egyptian* art of conserving dead bodies for as many thousand.

The literary constitution indeed, as well as the body politic, stands in need of much explanation, much amendment.

In the mean time, the laws of both are remarkably favourable to designing men.

men, and undesigning authors; — so that the learned advocate has nothing to do but to hunt cases and cite precedents—there are loop-holes enough to be found for either.

But, for goodness sake! what is your quarrel with *reflections*, and why are they *unseasonable*?

• Because they interrupt the main design, and are most commonly foreign to the matter.

• Don't mistake me, I have no objection to them in their proper places — when people are at church, or so——But what have they to do here? —If a man has a mind to indulge serious reflections, let him write a book on purpose. —————

H 6

Yes.

Yes, as you say — and then he may be pretty sure that nobody will read them. — I tell you mine are just in the right place—for here many may stumble upon them, who never dreamt of any such thing; and I shall acquire applause for my address, over and above what I am entitled to from my main subject.

‘ I wish you may find it so.—But the great misfortune which generally attends those who are so fond of hearing themselves prate, is, that few or none are disposed to listen to them :—the vanity is too glaring—the deluge too powerful !—all that a man has ever thought of during his whole life, to be poured down upon you at once ! — ’tis too much :—For my part, I would not give a penny for a book, stuffed with the writer’s private sentiments and reflections.’

And

And I would not give a halfpenny for a book without them — there's the difference.— They are certain marks to me of becoming attention in an author; and the only proof I have that he was not thinking of something else.

From that single omission, we may account for the vast vacuity which overspreads so many volumes of words without meaning—systems, without science—histories, without reading—sermons, neither rationally-speculative, nor speculatively-practical—poems and plays, without wit, or moral—voyages without chart, or compass—travels, which might as well have been compiled from gazetteers, and lists of the post-roads.——

“Tis really a pity to break in upon so fine a declamation!— and yet, as

your

your monitor, I might hazard your displeasure, should I neglect to remind you, that you have a great way to go—that you have already bargained with the reader that the whole shall be comprized in two small duodecimos—that you are already past the middle of your first volume, at the end of your sixth day, and happily arrived at GHENT.*

I thank you for this seasonable admonition. — True, I have bargained as you say, only for two volumes—which was entirely owing to an accident; that of writing my preface first:—a singularity as unheard of, perhaps, as any that is to be met with in my book.

Dedications and prefaces, I take it, are the most puzzling parts of modern letters — the first, calculated to flatter

and

and bedaub the patron, whom it may be the author knows nothing of; the second to cajole and curry favour with the reader, whom he never can be sure of.

I was pre-determined to suffer no disquietude upon either score — no false hopes touching his lordship's acceptance; nor any rancour, should his bounty fall short of my expectation; and therefore omitted the former altogether.

It may serve, thought I, for a monument of private friendship, should it meet with the public favour, as well seven years hence, as now; and then I shall be pretty sure of my man.

Yes — some seven years hence, after having tried whether the materials are
durable

160 CORIAT JUNIOR.

endurable, and like to brave the weather:
we may venture to inscribe,

LET THIS REMAIN
A LASTING MONUMENT
TO PERPETUATE
THE DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP
OF THE INGENIOUS
THE CANDID
THE BENEVOLENT
H. F.
AND OF THE AUTHOR
S. P.

As for the latter, since it is well known that he who comes under the censure of the literary tribunal, must abide the pains and penalties that may follow, in spite of every plea of alleviation; the shorter my defence, the better.

But I had another reason for not requiring more space, which was founded

founded in downright compassion to the readers :—considering, and re-considering what a deal of stuff they have constantly upon their hands, which from one sollicitation or other, they are obliged to wade through !

'Tis the boon of every beggarly writer—' Pray read me !—do but read me ! then judge for yourself :—Laugh at me 'till your sides ache, and welcome !—blame me ! abuse me ! damn me !—only read me ! '

I am sensible that tenderness for others may sometimes be carried too far ; even to our own prejudice ;—and I could wish now, that I had said three small volumes, instead of two—though I don't despair yet of bringing it within my plan.

' Your plan !—'tis impossible you can be serious !—do you call this a plan ? '

I do

I do—and such a one, as I will be bound to give you more, than my book-seller will offer me for the copy, if you can produce me such another.

But I see your mistake—you don't attend to the context—you are not at the pains of comparing the author with himself—you forget, as fast as you read (a common case)—one chapter drives out another.—

I suppose you don't remember I set out, with *begging leave to proceed in my own way?*—that's my plan.

'O, your most humble servant!'

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Which may be reckoned much too long :
considering what an unsatisfactory Ac-
count it gives of the Capital of Flan-
ders.*

WELL, really this appears to be a magnificent city ; and the SAINT SEBASTIAN upon the parade, or *place des armes*, is one of the genteelst inns I ever saw—it has great elegance both within and without, and the situation is unexceptionably the finest in GHEENT.

I have not yet learnt how SAINT SEBASTIAN came to be the patron of archers—I know of no reason for such preference, unless from the manner of his death ; having been fastened to a tree, and shot with arrows.

.. !

There

curiosity must always give way to propriety.'

Must it so? madam—then I submit for this time:—but if ever you catch me abroad again in company, where I am not at liberty to do as I like—I'll give you leave to bind me over, or tye me down in whatever manner you please !

I would be the associate, the visitant, the guest—but not the slave of my company.

If you have any banquet in view, to which generous FREEDOM and open-hearted HOSPITALITY are not to be invited; you may save yourself the trouble of sending me a card—I chuse to dine upon my own cold mutton at home.

Mistake

Mistake me not, I would not prefer any thing to the seasonable converse of the ladies :—They alone are the sweeteners of life, and by contemplating their perfections only, we arrive at the sublime and beautiful !

But while there are other pursuits, other gratifications independent of them, and in which they cannot so easily participate ; at least suffer us to untie this knot of ceremony—or do it yourselves, and accompany us as far as you may conveniently.

If this cannot be granted—I should be glad to know, madam, what we are like to see in this fine city ?—for as you have been here often, you must be best acquainted with what is most worth a stranger's notice.

‘ It is too late this evening, sir, to see any thing—but in the morning,

we shall have the entertainment of the parade almost under our windows.

‘ The mounting and relieving the guard is a fine sight, and what people are very fond of here.—You will observe a parcel of as fine, clean, well-dressed fellows as ever you saw in your life ; and from the strict and constant discipline which is maintained, that they know and practise their duty to a hair.

‘ You will see a company of officers, worthy to command such men ; intent upon their charge equally with the private soldiers : — You will not remark in any of their countenances, the least signs of the over-night’s debauch—any anxiety to have the business slubbered over as fast as possible, on account of more pressing engagements—nor any absence of mind from their duty.

‘ The

CORLIAT JUNIOR, 171

‘ The music is a perfect martial concert, with all the accompaniments of grace and execution : — They are not irregularly fast and slow ; — dropping it here, and taking it up again there ; — but jointly labouring to preserve united harmony.

‘ From the commander in chief, to the youngest recruit ; and from the hautboy to the fife, you will not meet with an individual but what is struck with a sense of his character ; and seemingly came there with no other intention but to exert his talent. — You have seen something like this, I make no doubt, upon the parade in *St. James’s park*.

‘ This royal entertainment over (for kings cannot behold a more glorious sight, than armies of regular troops, which they are born to command and to cherish !) we shall drive

to the ABBEY of ST. PETER, one of the richest in the NETHERLANDS.

‘ The abbot is a mitred prince, and by few exceeded in priestly pomp and dignity !—His palace is to himself, distinct from the cloister ; and his domestics are his own, not the servants of the society.

‘ The church is a magnificent modern structure, exceeding rich in its altars, is decorated with fine pictures and admirable sculptures, and boasts some of the most exquisite tapestry in the country, which is preserved in cases, and only opened to strangers.

‘ The refectory is a noble saloon !—and the library cannot but strike the most tasteless beholder—even tho’ he had never troubled his head with the inside of a book.

‘ We

‘ Don’t you think ’twill be a mighty pretty way of employing it ? ’

Very much so, madam, said I—
tho' I think 'tis pity we could not
make a little more of it—consider,
our time is so short—we shall have
but another day before we set out for
BRUSSELS.

‘ Well, and in that we shall drive thro’ the *Place Vendredi*, and others of the principal streets; step into a church,

church, or two; see the STADTHOUSE, and the old court where the emperor CHARLES V. was born—and then the business is all over.'

Is that all, madam, that is to be seen in a city so famous in story—the circumference of which is said to be fifteen miles?

'That's all, take my word for't—travellers in general don't concern themselves about any thing else.'

Every thing that my fair guide had predicted for the first day, turned out accordingly—The parade was perfectly genteel and orderly; the abbey, magnificent; the ceremonious visit to the fine lady, as insipid as could be imagined; and that to the English Benedictine nuns, as pleasing, as mortifying as could be wished!

I shall only beg leave to edge in a few observations upon the two religious houses before-mentioned, and then proceed to the second day.

But shall I venture to call the first a house?—why 'tis a palace for a sovereign prince!—and I question much if any potentate in Europe dines every day in so sumptuous a saloon, as do the Benedictine monks of the abbey of SAINT PETER. — The arts have been in rivalry to perfect this elegant hall—it has all the proportions of architecture, the beauty of painting, and the grandeur of carving and gilding to set it off.

That upper place, said I, to our attendant, I suppose is for the abbot?

‘No,’ answered he, ‘that is the prior’s chair.’

But I imagine, continued I, that the abbot don't dine here every day, but only occasionally; and when he does, I suppose there is a canopy set up on purpose.

'He dine here every day! returned the lay-brother—he never dines here at all:—why he has not set his foot in the refectory above once these three years.'

Good God! thought I, can there be such difference in the same chain of beings?—in the same order of men?—Can an abbot forget that he was once a private monk?—Yes, he may—as easily as a bishop may forget that he was once a curate.

The sacristy adjoining, which many of my readers know is the apartment where the priests, and sometimes the abbot robe and unrobe themselves before
and

and after the sacrifices, is very noble and spacious ; and the vestments and other paraphernalia are exceeding rich. —If nothing else would give us exalted ideas of heaven, this one consideration surely were enough—namely, the majesty of some of God's priests upon earth !

The library is as fine a room for the purpose as can be met with, and I am sorry I did not take the proportions of it—the book-cases are of a singular escutcheon form, which have an air of grandeur ; and the authors are very numerous, and for the most part in elegant bindings : — but there is a little narrowness in the choice, and they are rather too much on one side.--There are several books of the early printers ; among others, the first and second editions of the bible.

178. CORIAT JUNIOR.

Some of the abbeys in the NETHERLANDS are become so rich, that one would be apt to think they dreaded mischief from their opulence:—so that they are generally employed in pulling down and building up; in enlarging beautifying, &c. as the only means of getting rid of some of their superfluous riches.

As several of them literally wallow in wealth, methinks 'tis a pity that, as often as they find it inconvenient to them, they cannot obtain dispensations to bestow it upon some of the poor priories in their respective neighbourhoods; who, Heaven knows! would rejoice exceedingly in their superfluities.

Come we next to the English Benedictine ladies,——

As

As I have already thrown out a few reflections upon the horrible impiety of dispeopling heaven, by entombing fair damsels alive; under the notion of increasing the kingdom of saints, I shall say the less of it here—And as most cities in the AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS are constitutionally the same, and afford the same objects of contemplation; I hope the candid reader will not lay me under the tiresome necessity of saying the same thing over and over again.

Now as a *Beguine* is the same at BRUSSELS as at GHENT; and as I purpose to speak of them there, I shall therefore omit them here:—as a *Capuchin* is the same all the world over; so it matters not whether I chuse mine at LOUVAIN, or MECHELIN, or both: and since I mean to give a picture of a *Raccollet*; I may as well wait till I have met with one to my mind, which

180 CORIAT JUNIOR.

happened not before the very day I left
ANTWERP.

Of these and many more religious orders and societies, there are in every part of FLANDERS and BRABANT—each of whose cities may serve as an epitome of popish Christendom.

My intention is to diversify this short travel as much as possible—to make it narrative, descriptive, and sometimes allegorical—always with a little meaning, and seldom without a moral.

If I cannot produce new thoughts for your entertainment, I shall endeavour, at least, at a few new casts of old ones; and the very moment I discover that I have nothing to say, I shall lay down my pen:—I have no opinion of forcing, under the notion of assisting
na-

CORIAT JUNIOR. 182

nature; and, from my soul! I abominate Dr. SLOP's forceps.

The curtain is drawn back, and behold the prioress and her nuns!—She appears like the GODDESS, or the PRIESTESS of this temple; and they as her attendant NYMPHS, or VESTALS!

To you, madam (addressing myself to the prioress) it can be no ways irksome—by a long course of self-denial you must be thoroughly weaned from the world; and here I make no doubt but you enjoy perfect peace, heightened by the fullest assurance, the liveliest hope of a blissful hereafter!

At your time of life, madam, I have no objection to the ladies secluding themselves, if they think proper:—After having tasted life's fancied sweets and real sorrows, and experienced some of her numberless cares and calamities,

182 CORIAT JUNIOR.

mities, they may well be thankful they are over; and whatever may have been their lot, that they can find peace at the last!——

And surely more real consolation may be found here, than in chess-boards and back-gammon tables; in dice and cards; in washes and strong-waters;—after the loss of husbands, who were their partners, or their plagues!—of children, who might have been their comforts, or their curses!——

After the unkindness of some relations, and the ingratitude of others, whom can we love?—From the forgetfulness of some friends, and the bitterness even of those whom we had laboured most to serve, whom shall we trust?

GRACE

CORRAT JUNIOR. 183

GRIEF and DISAPPOINTMENT are fore searchers ! and will often bring us to reflection.

‘ ’Tis time,’ some of those ladies will say, ‘ to look a little about us !—The HOURS, ever young, tho’ we wax old, foot it away with greater dispatch than ever !—at least they appear to do so to us, now that our dancing-days are over.—The sands run on in a greater stream, and, if possible, with a more determined motion !—or else our eyes deceive us.

‘ But there can be no deception in the surfeiting sameness which we have endured ! — We are palled with cloying sweets, and sated with high seasonings !—our appetites are spoilt, and we have no longer any relish for life !——

‘ Let

Let us fly then incontinently this motley train of human mischief!—let us retire into God and ourselves!—let us make up our accounts with Heaven!—let us *seek peace, and ensue it!*’

With all my heart, ladies, if it is your pleasure—I see no reason why you may not retire, and carry some of your unprovided nieces along with you:—For certainly, as you well observe, prayer-books are full as becoming the palsied hands of dowagers, as packs of cards and dice-boxes!—if their ladyships think so.

But for you, lady prioress, you can only have anticipated the evils without doors, not having experienced any of them:—you must have credulously hearkened, fondly believed, and rashly resolved:—*you must have wept ’ere you were stricken.*

And

CORIAT JUNIOR. 185

And for these sexual angels!—what had they done, or suffered?—But I have already spoken of them in a former chapter,

Don't imagine, reader, that a single syllable of this was said to the prioress—No, I am persuaded you are aware of the impropriety of such conversation in a cloister.

To endeavour to put people out of conceit with their condition without any intention, or the means of bettering them, is the height of cruelty!—but where it is impracticable to alter it, 'tis cruelty and folly united!—and indeed, for the most part, they are inseparable.

Our conversation was of a different cast—an agreeable mixture—we touched sometimes upon the world; but more upon the sweets of virtuous retirement.

The

The *Arachnean* arts of the fair sisterhood, and their beautiful imitations of FLORA's choicest gifts, engaged our attention ; and made us at a loss to determine, whether they were the daughters of INGENUITY, or the sisters of the SEASONS.

Is it not strange, that those who profess to have abandoned the vain world, should jointly labour to keep up the world's vanity ?

Among such a number of my fair countrywomen, the meeting with names which were familiar to us was unavoidable ; and this sometimes led us a little into inquiries concerning families.——

Finding the prioress's name was PHILIPS ; — pray, madam, said I, is Doctor PHILIPS any relation of yours ? — My brother, sir, replied she. — You have

have no doubt, madam, seen his life of Cardinal POLE ? which has occasioned a good deal of speculation with us—though many are of opinion it will not much advantage the cause for which it is written.—I have, sir, said the lady.

What pity it is that learning and candour should ever be divided ?——What matters it whether truths come from the EAST or from the WEST ? — Indeed the name of OXFORD at the bottom of a title-page, has with the vulgar the air of an *Imprimatur* ;—but how absurd to suppose, that that reverend and learned body can give sanction to principles, which they utterly disavow !—So that except to a few inconsiderate strangers, it cannot answer any good purpose even to its own end ; — but unhappily must always remain an indelible mark of the Doctor's disingenuity.

I am

I am quite of your mind, courteous reader—and I wish, from my soul! that there may be always found a great number of your sentimental disposition—willing to communicate, but cautious to offend:—who consider the characters to whom and of whom they are speaking; — who would not awaken a son's remembrance, with the bitter reproaches that may be due to his fire — nor wound a pious sister's ear, with the mistaken zeal of her brother.

ZEAL, no question, sometimes overshoots itself, and then it is justly condemnable—but relations may not be judges.—If then we are at a loss for a subject, let us decently retire, after returning the ladies thanks for their polite entertainment.

The second day was a hurrying day, indeed — Heaven defend me from such senseless hurry!—If you please, madam,
I'll

CORIAT JUNIOR. 189

I'll dine at St. BAVO's * to-day, and then I shall have a little leisure to look over the pictures.

'No indeed, sir: you must return with us to the St. SEBASTIAN—our dinner is bespoke.'——

I'm sorry for it, madam.

'Besides, the chevalier is engaged with the officers; and if your friend and you were to leave us, we should be quite alone, which would be insupportable.'

Very well, madam—This *place Vendredi*, or Friday's market is a fine opening, a spacious square, upon my word!—What can I say more of it?—for the fellow drives as if the devil was in him!

* The Cathedral.

In the afternoon, from an earnest desire of meeting once more with the agreeable prior M——, we went to the Carthusian convent.

Here it was proper to leave the ladies without the gate;—but my companion and I, having received for answer that the prior was set off for BRUSSELS, were not in such haste to make our report; but to the shame of good-manners, joined the holy-brotherhood in their vespers, leaving their ladyships to cool themselves in their carriage. — This was an offence hardly to be forgiven— and as the first proof of their displeasure, being quite tired out with attending, they had drove back to the inn, meaning to punish us with a walk — which happened to be the very thing we wanted most.

The

The old castle, or court is a reverend pile, consisting of many apartments which are converted to private lodgings and public offices — and a number of strange stories are told of their former uses, which naturally tickle the ear of curiosity.

The Stadthouse is the largest building of the kind I have heard of, that at AMSTERDAM only excepted :—there is an appearance of magnificence in it, which even surpasses the latter ; though the stile is Gothic, considering the time of building, which, if I remember right, was by the arch-duke ALBERT.

The apartments are very spacious ; but there is a want of neatness, which is seldom the case in FLANDERS : — There are some good pictures here as well as in the castle ; but the best

best description I could give of them would fall short of their merit.—

The courts of justice are very awful, their proceedings, I am informed, very solemn, and their judgments very upright.

A plague take these fellows! said I—they are always fond of showing and demonstrating such things as you don't want to be acquainted with!

‘ These, ladies and gentlemen, said our guide, are so many ENGINES of TORTURE;—devised by grave and learned sages, as the best and only means to extort confessions from the guilty, or innocently accused!

‘ They were the inventions, sir, continued he (addressing himself to me) of men in some respects like you and I;—who were capable themselves of feeling

Civilized nations are, in general, of this opinion—but, it seems, there are some exceptions.

The Dutch villas, with which the banks of the RHYNE are decorated, are very numerous and enchanting—many of them seem to vie with each other in elegant simplicity—but one and all excell in neatness, which it were in vain to seek in any other country.

This luxuriant prospect is agreeably broke about the midway, by the blithsome village of UDEFAAS,—which having passed, the same is renewed and continues the greatest part of the way to UTRECHT.

'Tis impertinent and unprofitable folly at best—that rage of curiosity, which hungers after knowledge that avails nought!

VOL. II.

K

Never-

194 CORIAT JUNIOR.

Nevertheless I must own I was rather curious to know, who were the envied possessors of some of the most remarkable?—to learn whether they were the houses of CARE, or the habitations of CUNNING — the mansions of FRAUD, or the monuments of THRIFT — the mausoleums of WRETCHEDNESS, or the temples of AVARICE?

But 'tis to no manner of purpose to hold conversation with the dumb.

After all, what was it to me who they belonged to?—or, indeed, what may it be to some of them by this time?—for, though so late the progress, who knows how many of them may have changed their masters, during this short interval?

The distance between VIANEN and UTRECHT is two leagues and a half; which

CORLAT JUNIOR. 195

which is performed in little more than two hours.

At that venerable capital we arrived about four in the afternoon.

C H A P. XXI.

The first and second Characters which the Traveller encountered, upon his Arrival at Utrecht.

BY the first character, properly speaking, I should mean the porter; who, with the usual complaisance of a Dutch *Draager*, took my portmanteau out of the *Trek-schuyt*, clapt it upon his barrow, and, without further ceremony, wheeled it off to the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*.

'Tis true, he was to conduct us thither into the bargain—which he certainly had done, provided we had stuck close to his heels:—otherwise, I observed, he was so intent upon his

luggage, that he never once cast an eye of compassion over his shoulder for the owners—they were at full liberty to follow, or not—just as they pleased.

In my further knowledge of that unfeeling son of ADAM, a Dutch porter ; I have frequently remarked his attention is more fixed upon the inanimate, than the living charge committed to his care—he is apt to shew more concern for a sack of wool or a firkin of butter, than for one of his own species.—‘ I shall take care of the goods, thinks he—do you take care of yourself—nobody shall soil or injure them :—As for you, Mr. STRANGER (*Myn Heer UYTFLANDER*) if you happen to slip into a canal — I would advise you to scramble out again as fast as you can.’

If by the first character, we would be understood the Dutch *Draager* above-mentioned ; who should the second

cond be, think you, but *Monfieur* OB-
LET, the coxcomical French hoft, at
the New Antwerp Caftle ?

A man enters boldly upon a new of-
fice, or into a ftrange houfe, who car-
ries his credentials in his pocket :—So
did I, a while fince, into the *Nouveau*
Chateau d'Anvers, at UTRECHT, bear-
ing the recommendation of *Myn Heer*
VAN DONGEN in my hand.

What an excellent affurance a good
recommendation gives one !—it is, as I
apprehend, the next beft to a good
purfe :—though we hear every now
and then of what is called a *modest af-*
surance—which, they fay, abundantly
fupplies the want of both.

'Tis true a man may give himfelf airs,
without any recommendation at all—
but provided he carries a good recom-
mendation along with him, I fee no

reason (if he is unacquainted with better manners) why he may not accept the first fellow that comes across him, with that saucy freedom, which so peculiarly marks a number of my itinerant countrymen upon the continent.

‘ Here ! you sir !—Shew me a room, and order my portmanteau into another !——Pay the porter !—bid the blackguard come here !——How much must you have, sirrah !’—“ *Zes fluyveren.* ”—‘ What’s *zes fluyveren* ?—can’t you speak English ? an’ be da—d to you !——But I suppose you mean six stuyvers !—Very well !—Do you hear ? You sir ! (to the waiter)—give the scoundrel six stivers ; and let him have a dram, if he likes it !—But, first, call your master !——Where’s OBLET ?—How comes it that he is out of the way, when company want him ?—Let him know, an English gentleman and lady are just arrived post from GORCUM !’

Two.

CORIAT JUNIOR. 199

Two or three such gentlemen one would think were sufficient to busy the largest inn in EUROPE—but half a dozen such were enough to people a *caravanserai*.

Monsieur OBLET appeared on the instant, and made his bow.

Voicy ! Monsieur, said I, presenting him with my credentials—and, returning my right hand to my breast, added, *et, me voicy !*

After conning it two or three times over, not without frequent alteration in the muscles of his countenance—with a strong convulsive shrug, the *Sieur* broke silence.

‘ Absolument ! Monsieur—Je ne saurois vous accommoder ! ’——

How, sir !—not take me in ?

‘ Non, monsieur—absolument !—’

K 4

Why,

Why, what the plague!—am I to lie in the street all night?

Non ! monsieur—il y a des auberges par-tout pour les etrangers—et les gens qui font voyage :—pour moi—j'attend la Reine ! ——

What Queen do you mean? sir.

La Reine de DANNEMARC ! ——

I cry you mercy!—Here, porter! take up the luggage once more, and convey us to some other inn.

In bet oude kasteel van ANTWERPEN, Myn Heer? op de oude gracht, by de bakkers brug.

Ay, ay, the old castle, or any other castle you please.

Who would not have concluded, but that the Queen of DENMARK, who arrived

arrived that night at UTRECHT, was to have put up at the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*? — Nothing less was ever intended: — some of her majesty's suite, indeed, were there—but there was still room enough left for others.

The character of his excellency the *Sieur OBLET*, is, as I am well informed, so truly ridiculous, respecting the preference he shews to travellers, that I cannot forbear giving a sketch of it, in return for the disappointment I suffered, and the slight put upon my recommendation.

As long as princes, potentates and their legatorial representatives, are known to be upon the road! none of inferior quality, must expect to find entertainment at the *Nouveau Chateau d'Anvers*—which may be truly filed, *L'HOTEL ROYAL!* — and the *SIEUR OBLET*, *L'HOTELIER des SOUVERAINS!*

C H A P. XXII.

Which winds up with a medical Case.

‘**A** Medical case! — and pray, Mr. CORIAT JUNIOR, wherefore a medical case?—unless you want to be enrolled at last in the gallimaufry list of pill-and-drop-mongers?—a frontless tribe! whom awhile since you seemed to despise.’ *

And do so still.—If we cannot arrive at excellence, my friend, at all events let us steer clear of quackery.

Nevertheless I conceive, a man may be allowed sometimes to talk innocently, or even to write about wholesome physic, without setting himself up for an adept :—and, surely, ’tis no unusual

* See Part II. Chap. 29.

thing.

thing, in our days, for authors to write about what they don't understand.

WINE, given by the Gods to gladden the heart of man!—the softener of CARE, the asswager of GRIEF, the exciter of HOPE, the encourager of LOVE!—

The reconciler of ADVERSE FORTUNE, the covenant of ANTIEN AMITY, the remover of STRIFE, the seal of RENEWED FRIENDSHIP!

The CATHOLICON, of all others the most social, most healing, most grateful!

The ROSY DOCTOR! who bids us live this hour, laugh at the past, nor doubt of enjoyment in the next!

The only physician who promises succeeding happy days and nights, from year to year!

Does

206 **CORIAT JUNIOR.**

Does busy CARE prey on thy peace, or
cruel DISAPPOINTMENT tear thy vitality?
—Has canker-biting CALUMNY seized
on thy heart, or manifold HOME-
WARD MISCHIEF-marred thy rest? —

Has listless INDOLENCE subdued thy
active powers, or unavailing RAGE re-
laxed the nervous spring? —

Does hopeless LOVE torment, or
green-eyed JEALOUSY distract, or pallid
FEAR unman thee? — Send for the
ROSY DOCTOR! —

But, it seems, there are some rare
complexions which brook not the
balmy sweet:—That exhilarating cor-
dial to most—the sovereign antidote a-
gainst life-surrounded ills, by such may
be numbered among the worst of evils;
and is so far from counteracting any,
that itself becomes their deadliest poison.

AN

An officer belonging to the Dutch cavalry partook of the first supper we made at UTRECHT:—A sober traveller like myself—but no Dutch gentleman, I promise you:—No—he was a SAXE-GOTTA—and had the singular honour, as he informed me, of being godson to her R. H. the P. D. of W.

At and after supper, I observed he drank moderately of water; but so sparingly of wine, that I began to suspect his (being white and different from ours) might also be inferior in quality.

Well-bred travellers, I have remarked, are, in general, cautious with respect to fault-finding, even in an inn.—It seldom answers any purpose beyond ruffling themselves, and disturbing the tranquility of the house.

It may be presumed the people, for their own sake, have set the best they have

208 **GORIAT JUNIOR:**

have before you—in which case, there is no remedy :—so that if the thing dislikes you; use it accordingly—and hope for better cheer where next you put up:

But I could not refrain making him an offer of tasting ours, which was very good claret.

“I am much obliged to you, sir; said the officer—but the wine before me is very good, and such as I commonly drink.

“Few people who relish wine, as I do—more especially of my profession, use it so sparingly :—But there is a necessity for it.”

Without further ceremony, or any intreaty on my part (being a thorough well-bred man, he would not raise my curiosity, without allaying it) he proceeded.

“You

“ You will be surprized, sir, to hear of the strange operation of wine upon my particular constitution.—One or two glasses I can drink with great satisfaction ; but not without feeling its power.—What I have drank already, in quantity not a gill, at this moment (as is usual with me) thrills sensibly through my veins !—Should I double the dose, the effects might be alarming to us both !—but ’ere I had finished my pint, I am perswaded, you would be divided with yourself, whether to run to my assistance, or abandon the room !

“ Some of my brother officers have now and then rallied me upon this weakness (if it may be so called)—perswading themselves that it proceeded from mental humour, rather than bodily habit.

“ To convince them of the contrary, I have sometimes exceeded my allowance—the consequence of which was, that

that I have been suddenly seized with a violent gushing out of blood at mouth and nose! — followed by swooning; from whence it has been difficult to recover me!—So that none have ever dared to try a second experiment.

‘ Except from such accident, no one enjoys better health and spirits, or is less subject to fainting, even upon a great effusion of blood (such as I have often sustained in battle) than myself.

‘ Several gentlemen of the faculty have been curious to learn my singularity— but I have never yet met with any one who could resolve it to his own satisfaction or mine.

‘ As I travel about a good deal, my servant fares the better for it :—He has not only the obligation of doing my business, but the drudgery of drinking
my

CORIAT JUNIOR. 211

my wine—to which latter I believe he has no objection.

‘ Water is my principal beverage — malt-liquor I never touch, nor spirit of any kind : — notwithstanding I am, as you see, a great smoker.

‘ To-morrow I must rise early, being to set off for GRONINGEN——’

And my impatience to hear of the queen’s safe arrival, will not suffer me to be long after you.

‘ Good night!’—and—good night!

C H A R.

C H A P. XXIII.

*The Traveller meets unexpectedly with a
quondam Acquaintance at the Table-
d'Hôte.*

‘**M**ONSIEUR!’ roared out my new landlord—and again more vociferously (as I was inattentive to his first call)—‘MONSIEUR!’ said he (hollowing after me from the kitchen-door up the long passage leading to the *Oude Gracht*)—‘We shall dine exactly at two!’

Very well! *Myn Heer!* said I, as loud as I could bawl—by way of returning the compliment.

So after having seen my princess fairly set off; and wished her—sincerely wished her, from the very bottom of my heart, more happiness than commonly

ly falls to the lot of a crowned head !— I began to stir about a little ; and to recollect that I was now got to UTRECHT, the capital of the province of the same name—neither could I forbear thinking it a fine old city—full of inhabitants—and even some christians among them, for any thing I knew to the contrary.

Walking and reflecting waste time insensibly—there are besides many other ways of wasting time:--The dinner-hour I found had stolen upon me before I was aware ; and I bethought myself it would be unmannerly to keep the company waiting.

I was pleased however at my return not to find a soul in the dining-room, except poor PETER — who had not quite made an end of garnishing the table.

Next

Next to one's self a companion—and next to a companion, a book :—so I took a book out of my pocket (with some one or other I always take care to provide myself, in case of accidents;—since we can no more foresee nor account for our own humours, than we can foresee or account for the humours of other folks)—and began to read.

I had not read more than I have now written, from the commencement of this chapter, when two gentlemen entered the room, who were conversing together in *French*. — I never took my eyes off my book.—They sat down :—when one of them, who had not spoke before in my hearing, broke silence.

Confusion seized me at once!—the voice, tho' in a foreign tongue, was as familiar to me as my own ! — I would
fain

Iain have looked up—but then had lost the power! — My eyes were no longer at my own disposal! — they were become fascinated to the book in my hand, tho' totally blind to the matter therein!

The voice was as familiar to me as my own. — That voice, I remember, once commanded the attention of multitudes: — the owner of it, once lived respected by his friends, beloved by his kindred, caressed by his superiors: — now lives, shunned by the first, neglected by the second, despised by the last! — Alas! how fallen!

But those who never fell themselves, rarely commiserate the fallen state of others.

Still I may be mistaken, thought I — for now that I begin to collect my scattered senses, I remember to have heard
he

he was dead ! — Nay more, to the triumphant joy of his enemies, that he died miserably !

No matter how he died, so that he be but dead !—their triumph only could procure him peace—long-lacked, never-ending peace !

What's life when goodly fame is lost ?——lasting disease and lingering death !

By this time I had so far recollected myself as to be able to cast a transient look, and perceived it was himself—Indeed it could not have been any other : —I saw him at the first glance—far unlike to what I had formerly seen him ; and knew him thro' the disguise which he was fain to wear.

At that instant I heartily wished myself any where else !——at ROME ! at
YORK !

CHAP. XXI.

A Halt at Alost.

WHAT have you remarkable,
Mr. —, in this clean, pretty
town?

‘ There are several religious houses,
a fine old church, and therein one of
RUBENS’s best pictures ; St. ROCH af-
fwaging the plague.’

That seems to be a favourite subject
over all this heavenly country :—but it
is not to be wondered at, considering
how many plagues you have been pes-
tered with—besides the plague of ty-
rants and fools.

Have you no faints who undertake
the charge of madmen ?

VOL. I.

L

‘ Se-

‘ Several ; or else, poor souls, I don’t know what would become of them ! — in particular St. ———.’

I would have that saint’s effigy set upon every gate in FLANDERS :—Your town would incur no expence from my project, as I observe you have neither gates nor walls.

‘ We had formerly ; but it pleased the brave TURENNE first to knock them about our ears, then to raze them entirely ; and to leave us in a much more airy condition than many of our neighbours.’

Whatever were the sentiments of the past, I can’t help thinking but the present inhabitants are much obliged to him :—But come, we’ll see this picture——

‘ You’ll lose your dinner’——

No

No matter ; then I'll dine to-morrow.
—Come, my honest fellow-traveller,
we can dine, Heaven be praised ! every
day ; but may never more have an op-
portunity of seeing this master-piece of
the pencil.

How awful ! how dreadful !—and if
it affects us with horror now, how must
it have seized the beholders when it
was first put up ; which might possibly
have been soon after the contagion had
ceased ?—The painter's own likeness,
I perceive, in the figure of the saint.—

There are besides two small pieces, by
the same creative hand, under the above,
being part of the miraculous life of
blessed ROCH—in the one, St. RUBENS
OF St. ROCH (whichever you please, for
the painter's image is still preserved) in
the desert, fed by his trusty dog, who
presents him with a loaf.

The number of christian miracles of that sort is so great, as throws the single one of the Jewish prophet, otherwise wonderful, into the rank of strange relations.—The subject of the other I have forgot.

Those pictures had been lately taken down and cleaned, and were but newly replaced:—Several were of opinion they had suffered considerably, under the notion of being helped.—So scowerers assist PAINTING, and plaisterers mend STATUARY.

But the people are gathering very fast towards the centre of the great isle—something must be going forward:—Mark that poor decrepit Capucin now crossing!—the eyes of all are upon him.—See! he ascends the pulpit—nay, then we shall have a fine sermon to be sure!—

Astonish-

GORIAT JUNIOR. 221

Astonishment ! with what dignity he rises !—Are you sure 'tis the same father we saw just now ?

‘ The very same, for I never lost sight of him.’

See ! he raises his right hand—and, hark ! he opens his mouth—what solemnity !—What an equal poize his body maintains in the centre, so that with ease he can alike address either side—what grace !—How free and unrestrained his delivery—what cadences !——’Tis difficult to say whether he charms, or commands most—what majesty !—And all this in spite of his decrepitude and uncouth garb !——

Not a sleepy eye in the whole assembly !—No wonder—for they must be sluggish souls indeed, that such affecting eloquence will not keep awake.

The very pigs of the people are charmed into attention!—for so I interpret St. ANTHONY's and other saints preaching to irrationals.

The preacher shews now in his best light, and appears to be in his proper element;—whereas most preachers that I have yet seen, appeared to me, never to be more out of their element, than when in the pulpit.

Manly grace and eloquence, I conclude then, no ways depend upon the external habit:—The muscles mark the orator; not the wig:—Earnestness attracts all eyes; not the starched band.

The poor hooded hermit, the most unseemly figure that ever FANCY dressed up and called human; with meet natural powers, I perceive, may draw attention

CORIAT JUNIOR. 223

tention, beyond flowing robes and lawn sleeves.

Every man who exhibits himself to the public, professes delight, or instruction, or both ; and, if he fails egregiously, is sure to meet with contempt, or neglect :—We hiss bad players, and doze over dissonant and unmeaning preachers.

C H A P. XXII.

The Travellers pursue the strait Road to
BRUSSELS.

‘ U P O N my word, gentlemen,’
said our fair guide (the moment we entered the room) ‘ this is monstrous behaviour ! ’——

Indeed, madam, said I (endeavouring to turn the discourse into a smoother
L4 channel)

channel) it would have been far more agreeable, if we had had the pleasure of your company—I am sorry to say, you have lost sight of one of the finest pictures I ever saw!——

‘Poh! poh! a fiddlestick for the picture!’ (interrupted the lady).

And the hearing (interrupting in my turn) of a most affecting sermon!—so affecting, by the meer force of action (would you believe it, madam?) that with scarce forty words of Flemish, I could almost persuade myself, I understood every thing the preacher said!

‘But not half so well, return’d the lady, as you would understand me, might I be indulged in one short period.

CORIAT JUNIOR: 225

‘ In fine, fir, our dinner is spoilt, and I wou’d n’t give a fig for it !—any inclination I had for eating an hour ago, is all over !—the finest thing in ALOST shou’d n’t tempt me !——

‘ But that I don’t mind—tho’, to be sure, I shou’d be sorry to be sick for others irregularity—and the more so, because I have n’t faith enough to believe that either St. ROCH, or the CAPUCIN could cure me !——

‘ But the most aggravating circumstance of all is, that the coachman has been up three times, and declares the gates of BRUSSELS will be shut before we can get there !—If so, we shall have a comfortable sitting in the carriage all night ! ’

It would have been idle, at such a critical juncture, to have insisted further upon the different excellencies of

the painter and preacher—their wonderful effects, proceeding from inexplicable causes!—Still more unreasonable, to have entered into a detail of the various ways by which the soul may be captivated!

Here were effects enough already arisen from one and the self-same cause!—The dinner spoiled—the coachman impatient—the lady out of humour.

And first for the first consideration : —the dinner was spoiled (a simple truth) —secondly ; the coachman was impatient (alike simple and true)—combine them, and the aggravation will be more than doubled by such combination!—These two naturally beget a third consequence, the lady was out of humour—aggregate them, and you will perceive at once how the provocation rises!—Proceed we in our probation—

The

The lady had had a good stomach—
 When?—as soon as she heard the dinner was ready.—Still further—she had lost her appetite—How?—the moment she was informed the dinner was spoiled. Again—There was no possibility of recovering it.—Why?—because she had set up her will against her stomach.—

Add to these, she knew the coachman's impatience was well founded—it was not a meer pretext—that she would have seen thro' at once and have detected.

What a sum of serious consequences!—and all arising from one apparent cause: namely, the going to church to see RUBENS's picture, just in the nick when dinner was ready.

We employ our reason too often against ourselves—I was aware of that, and therefore said no more:—Indeed the lady had always two words in reserve,

228 CORIAT JUNIOR.

serve, with which she might have silenced me at any time, after all the rhetoric I could have used. — *'Twas unmannerly*, she might have said. — All the reason upon earth in opposition to the lady's affirmation, could not have lessened a particle of the force of that single adverb.

‘ I say, *'twas unmannerly* ’ — That's enough, madam. — The more I had argued, the oftner she would have been constrained to repeat, *'twas unmannerly* — (two plain words, which in our altercations with the ladies, will answer the end as well as two thousand :) — and finally, when matters are become ripe for a conclusion — ‘ *'Twas unmannerly*, that's all I have to say.’

I therefore hold it the highest reason, in most disputes with the ladies — to forbear reasoning at all.

We

CORIAT JUNIOR. 229

“We passed by the abbey of AFFLIGEM. — What a pity to pass by so delightful a scene! so hospitable a roof without stopping!——

Gaze on, and take your fill! said laughing NATURE — See what sumptuous inns God provides for his servants! said purblind PIETY — That may be truly called God’s house! cried hoary INDIGENCE — Let COME AND WELCOME! be its motto, said I.

A few miles further brought us to the village of Assche, about the midway between Alost and BRUSSELS — here we stopt to bait our horses: — But it was in vain for one who had so lately offended, to talk of running to the church for a minute. — ‘Not for a second, said the lady (firmly)—you shall go no more out till we get to our journey’s end, I promise you.’

This

430 CORIAT JUNIOR.

This restraint is insufferable ! — but the truly active mind may be always picking up something ; and failing of an inscription, may fall upon a derivative :

The Lamb, I observed, was the sign of our inn ; under which was written, *in't Lammekin*—What a feast for an English word-hunter !—he must see at once that our beautiful diminutive *Lambkin*, has only suffered a small change from the Flemish *Lammekin*.

We have just saved our distance ! said I (transportedly) as soon as we arrived at the port of BRUSSELS—the moment we passed through, the gates were closed upon us.

Pray, madam, is it usual to meet with a number of shops open and lighted up on a Sunday evening ?

‘ I ap-

“ I apprehend it is the practice in all roman catholic countries — so that the duties enjoined by the church have been complied with, the rest of the popish sabbath may be allotted either to business, or diversion.”

I believe you are in the right, madam — nevertheless, to us zealous protestants, it has an unsanctified appearance.

We alighted at the *Grand Miroir* in the *Berg Straet* — the ladies scudded away to their chamber in an instant ! — Ask the landlord in French, said my companion, what time supper will be ready ? — ‘ *Pas avant neuf heures, messieurs—après la comédie,*’ answered the landlord.

This has been an extraordinary day of offence against good breeding ! thought I—but come, what say you, my friend, shall we venture at a trifling ad-

addition }—and one round apology, or
a string of them, 'tis to be hoped will
set all right :—The ladies have slipped in
to shake the dust off their cloaths—
we'll seize this opportunity of slipping
out to the play.

Harkee ! waiter !—tell the ladies we
shall be forth-coming at supper.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

1

2

3









S/-

